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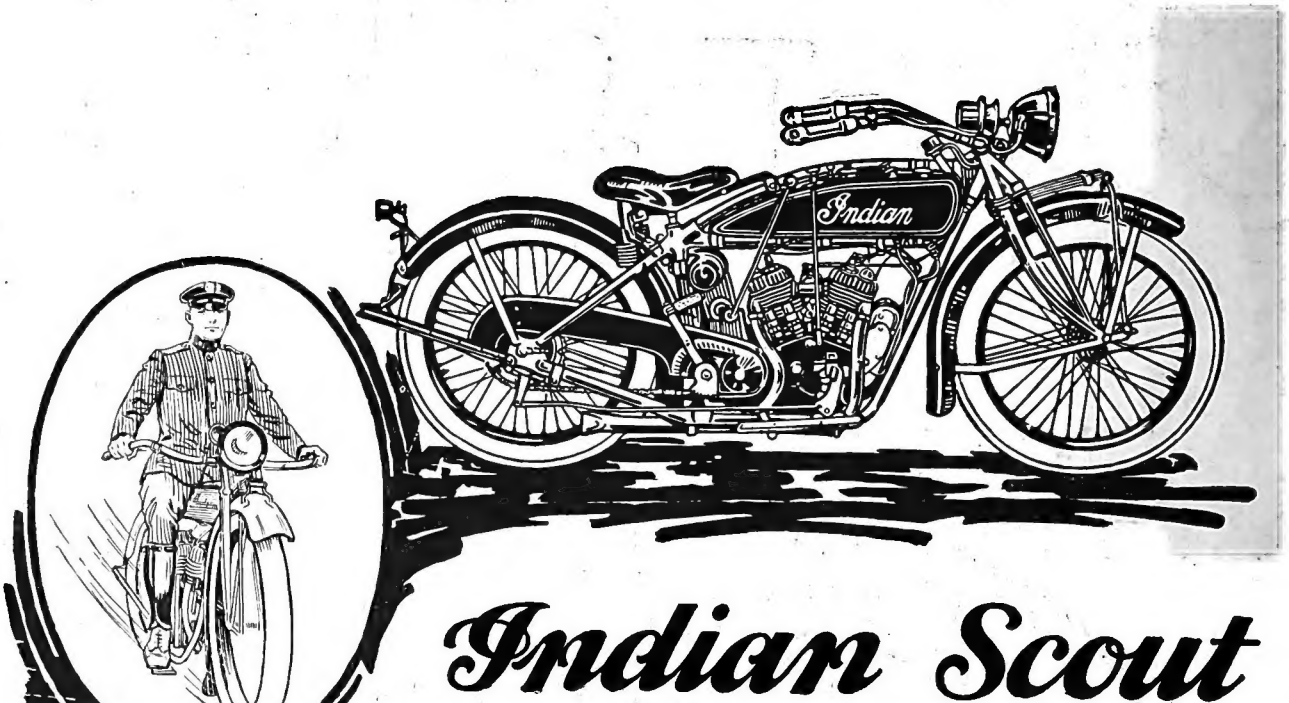

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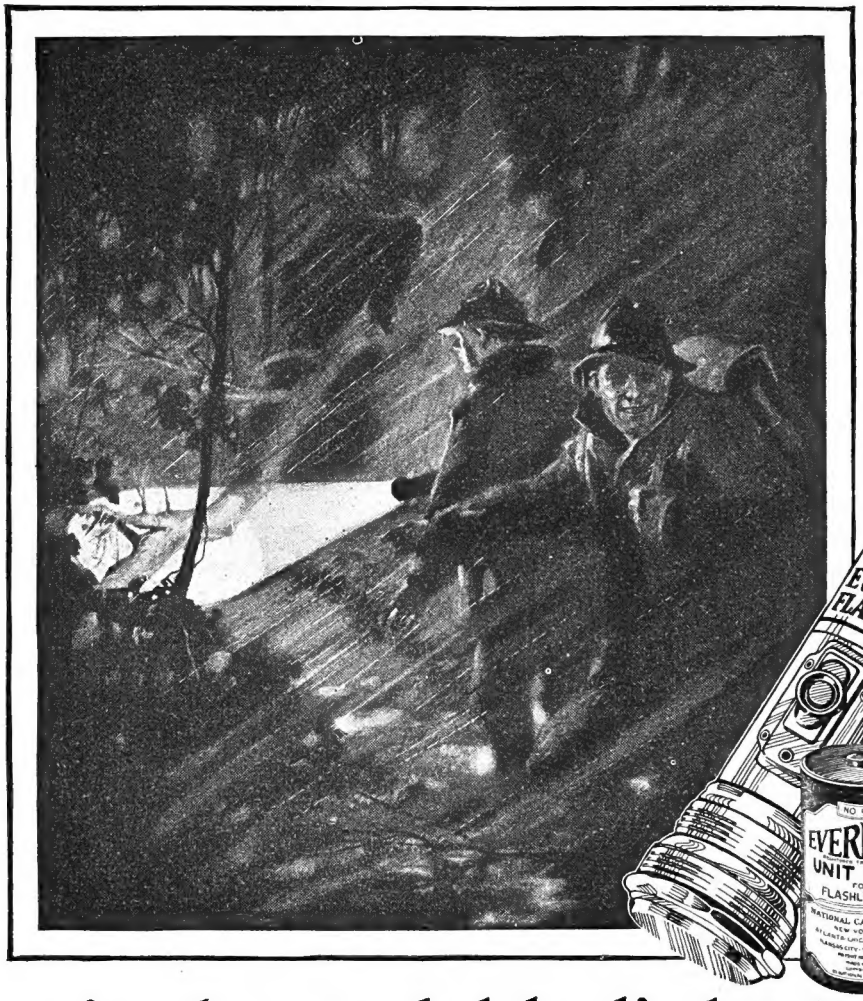

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT
ISSUED BY POLICE PUBLISHING CO., 487 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PHONE CANAL 9770
SECOND CLASS POSTAL RATE APPLIED FOR

JUNE, 1924, VOL. 1, No. 2 $2.50 THE YEAR, 25c THE COPY

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Five Adventures

By MICHAEL H. CROWLEY
Superintendent of Police, Boston, Mass.

First of a Series

THIS is the first of a series of personal accounts of their adventures by the world's famous Chiefs of Police. Superintendent Michael H. Crowley, of Boston, the author, has had a romantic professional career, and an account of it follows his article.

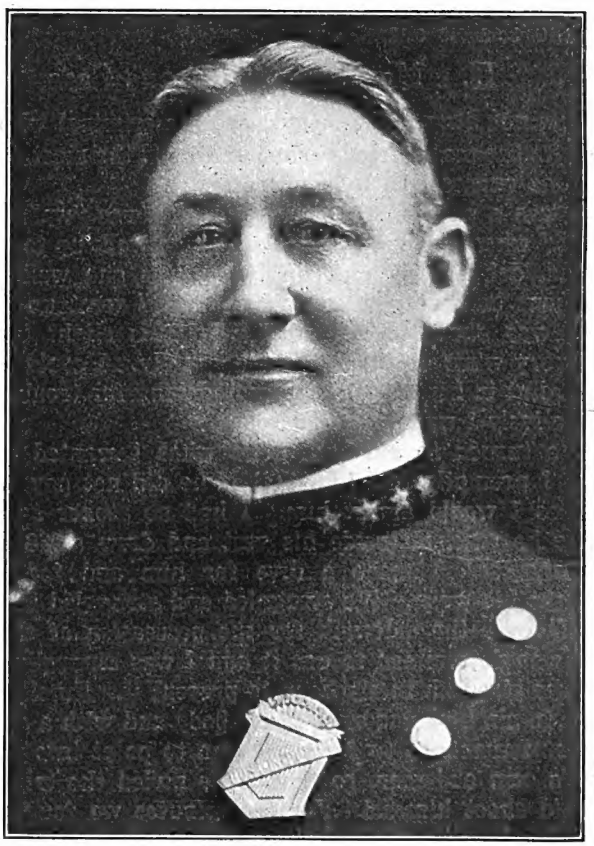
I. My Most Interesting Case

THERE lived in Somerville, in 1908, a family named Jordan, who had built for themselves quite a reputation as chronic quarrelers. The neighbors had several times complained to the patrolman on the beat about them and had said that they were the cause of many a sleepless night. They were investigated several times and admonished and each time promised that they would live thereafter in perfect matrimonial peace.

On September 3rd, 1908, the police were notified that the neighbors believed there was something wrong at the Jordan home, 502a Medford Street. Being assigned to the case I visited the premises, where I found evidences of a crime. There was blood everywhere and a condition of general upset. I naturally decided that a murder had been committed and started to investigate it.

As a result of a series of deductions I finally surprised Chester S. Jordan in a lodging house at No. 7 Hancock Street, Boston. He protested his innocence of any wrong doing, but on searching the room I found a trunk containing the dismembered body of his wife, Honora R. Jordan.

I placed him under arrest and he was charged with murder. At Headquarters he said that it was entirely an accident and that being afraid of the results he had decided to get rid of his wife's body. The story he told was full of holes, but was so carefully worked out that he probably would have been successful in escaping punishment if it had not been for the assistance we received from Dr. George Burgess Magrath, the Medical Examiner.



Superintendent Michael H. Crowley

Jordan's story was that he had arrived home late that evening and that his wife had called him to account for it. He reasoned with her, but she kept nagging him and in a fit of temper he struck her a glancing blow. She swung back at him, he said, lost her balance, and fell down a flight of stairs, being killed thereby. It was a logical story and as it afterwards proved, a story that was to cause the police a great deal of worry.

I went back to the premises on Medford Street and

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there found a flat iron, which was covered with blood and matted hair. I called in Doctor Magrath, and together we made a study of the house. I was present when he performed an autopsy on the body.

When the case came to trial Jordan was charged with first degree murder. For days the case seemed to be going against the Commonwealth. Dr. Magrath was called on the witness stand. He was subjected to a gruelling cross-examination by a lawyer, one of the most prominent in the United States, who had been retained for the express purpose of cross-examining him. This lawyer made a specialty of medical testimony and spent a whole day in the examination.

The Doctor had preserved the skull and tongue of the victim and presented them at the trial and they were marked as exhibits for the Judge and Jury to examine. They showed beyond a doubt that the woman had met her death by being struck three times by the flatiron (which was also shown to the court, evidences of the blood and matted hair still being visible) and then strangled, after which her throat had been cut. The jury went out and in a short time returned with a verdict of guilty of first degree murder.

The case caused a great sensation and Jordan fought the verdict vigorously. From time to time he received reprieves from the Governor, and it was four years later, September 24th, 1912, when he finally paid the penalty in the electric chair.

II. My Most Dangerous Case

IT is not always the most desperate criminal who commits the most serious crime or who is the most dangerous, as witness the following story:

I was a patrolman at the time, and was "walking my beat," when I saw a huge colored man walk up to a fruit stand, deliberately pick up two apples and walk away, without bothering to pay for them. I went up to him and was about to remind him of this slight lapse of memory when he turned on me sharply. I could see, by the glint in his eye, that he was looking for trouble. Instinctively I was on my guard.

He turned to me and asked what I wanted of him and I promptly told him that if he did not pay for the apples I would arrest him. I had no sooner said that than he reached inside his vest and drew a .38 calibre six-shooter. I made a dive for him and fortunately caught his wrist. We struggled and struggled back and forth over the sidewalk for the possession of the gun. He was determined to use it and I was struggling with all the strength in my body to prevent it. Finally I was able to pin his hand close to his body and with a supreme effort I managed to force the gun to point into the Negro's own abdomen, so that if he pulled the trigger he would shoot himself. For ten minutes we fought back and forth, with only one thing on my mind—to keep that revolver where it was pointing.

Man is blessed at such times with superhuman strength and I was able to hold his hand tight while with my free hand I reached into my pocket, extracted a pair of handcuffs and pinned them on him. It was then an easy matter to disarm and arrest him.

The negro proved to be a coachman for a very well-known doctor in Boston and through considerable influence the major charge was dropped. He was, however, arraigned on a charge of disturbing the peace and had to pay a fine of one hundred dallars.

III. My Most Humorous Case

THERE was in the shadow of Police Headquarters, and directly opposite the House of Detention, a well-known gambling house, which for some time had defied raids. We never had been able to get any evidence because of a watchful sentry who would warn the gamblers immediately upon the approach of any suspicious person.

Several times we had entered the building only to find a quiet home with several men sitting around, evidently discussing the topics of the day. There were no gambling tables or devices, no evidence of unlawful betting, just a private home, quietly conducted, and yet we knew there was something wrong there.

As a member of the Liquor and Vice Squad it galled me to hear people remark that the police were not able to secure a conviction of notorious gamblers who in defiance to them operated right under their noses. I made a secret vow with myself that I would catch them if it took me the rest of my life.

Several raiding parties were organized, but each time we were repulsed and we were forced to report that we could not obtain any evidence. It became a sort of a laughing matter at Headquarters. The men used to "ride" me and ask me when I was going to "pull another raid."

Being determined, I organized another party regardless of the "kidding."

This time I was a little shaky, for I was afraid that if the raid failed the jeers and laughter of "the boys" would be more than I would be able to stand, so I told myself it must not fail.

I assigned the men around the building and told them that on a given signal from me they were to force an entry.

I then went to the rear of the building and step by step climbed the outside of the building much as the "human fly" now does. I reached the first floor, then the second and then the third—I looked down and realized that a false step would mean instant death and frankly I was a little wary. But having gone that far, there was no turning back, so I climbed one more story. There I braced myself on a coping.

A nearby window was down from the top and the shade was pulled up so I had a perfect view of the room. I saw thirteen men sitting around a table, eight of them were playing stud poker, the other five betting on the players' cards.

Money was on the table and the game was going on in fine style. Very few words were spoken, the winner collected the pot and the next man dealt. There was an atmosphere of tenseness, for the limit was high and the turn of a card meant a literal fortune to the winner.

At last I had the evidence, but sitting outside the window was not going to do me any good. I also realized that the moment a police officer appeared at the outside door the jig would be up. The sentry would give the signal, the table would be cleared and shoved into the wall and all our work would be lost.

A great idea flashed through my mind and I nerved myself for the carrying out of it. I had decided to take a real chance. The window, as I mentioned before was opened from the top. I stood up and much the same as a person dives into the water, I dived into the room. I landed squarely on the table, pulled my pistol

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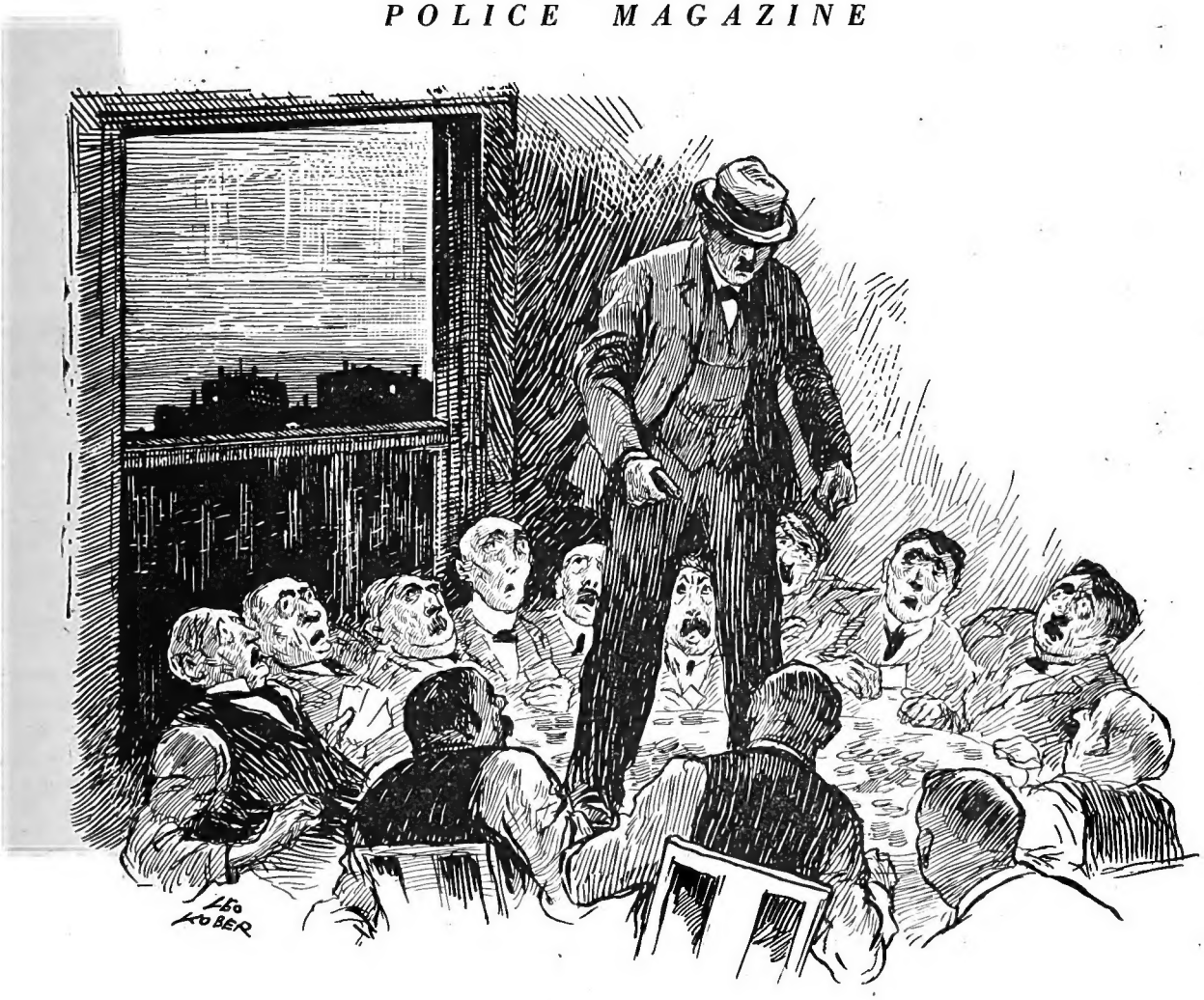

"I Landed Squarely on the Table"

and covered thirteen of the most surprised men I have ever seen. I blew my whistle as a signal as soon as possible.

As I rose there on the table I heard a bell ringing violently, it was the signal of the sentry, but it was too late. I had the evidence and had placed the men under arrest. In a few seconds the other men of the raiding party were at the door and it was twelve crestfallen men we took to Headquarters. I say twelve of them, because one of the men bolted and in trying to reach the circular staircase fell down four flights. The Gods of Chance were with him and he suffered only a broken leg.

It was very comical to hear the gamblers blame the raid on the presence of thirteen players—the old superstition.

IV. My Most Mysterious Case

ABOUT dusk one evening an excited crowd of people ran up to me on Shawmut Avenue and told me that a man had been murdered a few blocks below. I ran with them to the scene and there found a little Jewish peddler lying in a pool of blood. Excitedly the people told me that a big negro had approached the peddler and had tried to take some of his goods. The little fellow had argued with him and the negro had struck him, knocking him down. Then in a passion the big man had killed the other and run away.

I reported back at the station house and as the affair had happened on my beat I was assigned to the case as plain clothes man. I obtained a description of the negro from the witnesses and immediately proceeded to hunt for him. I remembered that a few days before I had noticed just such a colored man loitering on my beat and that on my approach he had walked quickly away. The incident had made an impression on my mind and I decided to find that negro. In due course I did find him and arrested him. Of course he protested his innocence. We summoned the witnesses to the station house about twelve o'clock noon. They, however, failed to recognize him and we were forced to release him.

For three weeks John Lynch, now dead, and myself worked on the case, night and day, and finally collected enough new evidence to again arrest the colored man. Once more we took him to the station house. By the time we had collected the witnesses it was almost dusk, just about the time the murder was committed and this time they positively identified him and he was formally charged with the crime.

His trial was a lengthy one and a hard one to win for the Commonwealth, but finally because of some new evidence collected, after the prisoner was arrested and just before the trial itself, we were able to get a conviction. The man was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of 15 to 20 years.

While in prison he studied theology, spending all his spare time mastering the Bible. When he was released he was ordained as a minister of the Gospel and he is now one of the leading negro ministers of the country, a good citizen and one who spends his time advising the younger generation of the advantages of going straight.

He has been a great help to the community and is a wonderful example of how some ex-criminals can make

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something of their life after they have been led to realize the error of their ways.

V. My Most Pathetic Case

IN the life of all police officers there come times when duty and sympathy lead different ways; when the human instinct within the man comes to the fore and he is torn between his oath and his better judgment. Happily I feel that each and every policeman realizes this and he is always ready to do his duty.

Many years ago I was assigned by the city to prevent trespassing on the railroad tracks. Many persons had been killed by trains while walking on the tracks, and I had orders to arrest everyone I saw.

I was standing in a little building alongside the railroad and while there saw a man come trudging up the tracks. I stepped out and challenged him and he told me that he was walking to a little town some miles distant.

I told him that it was against the law to trespass. He explained that he knew this, but that he had received word his wife and child were desperately ill and he was on his way to them. As his home was about one hundred and thirty-five miles away from where he was working, and he had no money, he had decided that he would walk. He had covered about a hundred miles of that distance when I challenged him.

I hated to arrest him, yet had no alternative. He pleaded that every moment was precious, but my hands were tied and I knew if I let him go he would be caught a little further down the tracks. So I took him to court and personally told the judge about the case. The judge then read me the law, which plainly stated there was no excuse for trespassing, and said he was forced to fine him, even though he hated to do so.

With the prisoner, if one could call him that, it was a case of paying the fine or going to jail for the equivalent number of days. He was terrified. I walked over to him and quieted him by telling him I would pay his fine.

This I did and I also gave him enough money to see him safely to his home, and a little extra, so that he could give his wife and child the care they needed. I never saw a more grateful man.

As a sequel to this experience I might state here that in a few weeks a money order addressed to me arrived at the station house. There came with it a dozen beautifully embroidered handkerchiefs from his wife and the most wonderful letter I have ever received from a woman. I still have the handkerchiefs and the letter and I never look at them without feeling that for once in my life I did the right thing. I did my duty, and I was able to inject a little bit of humanity into that duty.

A Self-made Chief

By MYLES H. LASKER

IN civil life we all admire the self-made man, the man who rises to heights when all odds are against him, who makes a battle and wins. In public life, the man who entirely through his own efforts rises from the lowest ranks to the highest station, is perhaps entitled to a little more praise, for public life is filled with pitfalls, with humans who are on the alert for errors, even with politicians who are prone to place their favorite henchmen in positions of trust.

It takes real courage, real "sticktoitiveness," a stern, strong character, and more than all else, a certain amount of manly sweetness, of magnetism and personality, plus considerable brains, to rise.

Michael H. Crowley rose from the ranks, as a patrolman, to Superintendent of Police in Boston in eight years. For nineteen years previous to his first promotion he was a "cop." Those nineteen years were not wasted, for Superintendent Crowley studied, studied, studied, never satisfied, always wanting to know just a little more, always looking for some little something which would improve the hard life of his fellow officers.

Born in South Boston in 1866, and educated in the public schools, young Crowley joined the police force in 1888.

He first served in the Fifth Division, then in 1896 and '97 he was assigned to the Liquor and Vice Squad, attached to Police Headquarters, where he made a name for himself in his efforts to clean up the city.

During his term as patrolman Crowley took five different competitive examinations for promotion. He always obtained a mark high enough to be either first or second on the list, but when promotions were made his name was not on the list. Realize how discouraging that was! To see his fellow officers rise and become commanding officers, to see brother patrolmen go to the top —in some cases men who stood number twenty-five or thirty on the list.

It took real courage to smile and fight under that handicap. Many a strong man would have bent and would not have even taken another examination. But Crowley stuck to it and each time that calls were posted for examinations, he was seated at a little desk and each time he came out on top.

The Boston police are state-controlled and in 1906 a new Police Commissioner was appointed by the Governor to replace a board. One of the first acts of Police Commissioner Stephen O'Meara was to look over the results of competitive examinations and readjust the promotions according to the law. And so on April 25th, 1907, nineteen years after joining the force, Michael H. Crowley was promoted to the grade of Sergeant.

The Police Commissioner watched the work of the new Sergeant and in 1910 promoted him to Lieutenant and assigned him to Police Division 5, where he had long served as patrolman, then later to Police Division 1, North End. On October 18, 1913, he was promoted to the rank of Captain and assigned to Division 11, Fields Corners. And then in less than two years, February 11, 1915, the Police Commissioner notified him that Captain Michael H. Crowley was to be known as Suprintendent Michael H. Crowley.

Chief Crowley, who is known to everyone affectionately as "The Super," is perhaps the best liked man on the whole force. He has a great reputation for fairness; his dealings with the men are firm but human, and they know that if they have any trouble, even the newly appointed recruit can come to him and receive the same attention as his assistant superintendent. He is, in the category of the men of the Force, "Real."

It was not an easy task to organize a new police force in a time of strife, and have everything running smoothly without internal friction. Yet that has been Chief Crowley's accomplishment.

After the famous Boston police strike, the Superintendent was forced to build an almost new force. The result is that Boston folk say today: "We have a Real Police Force and a Real Chief."

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Ireland's Unarmed Police

Free State's Civic Guard Inaugurates A New Era of Friendly Rule in Island

By Eugene Shade Bisbee

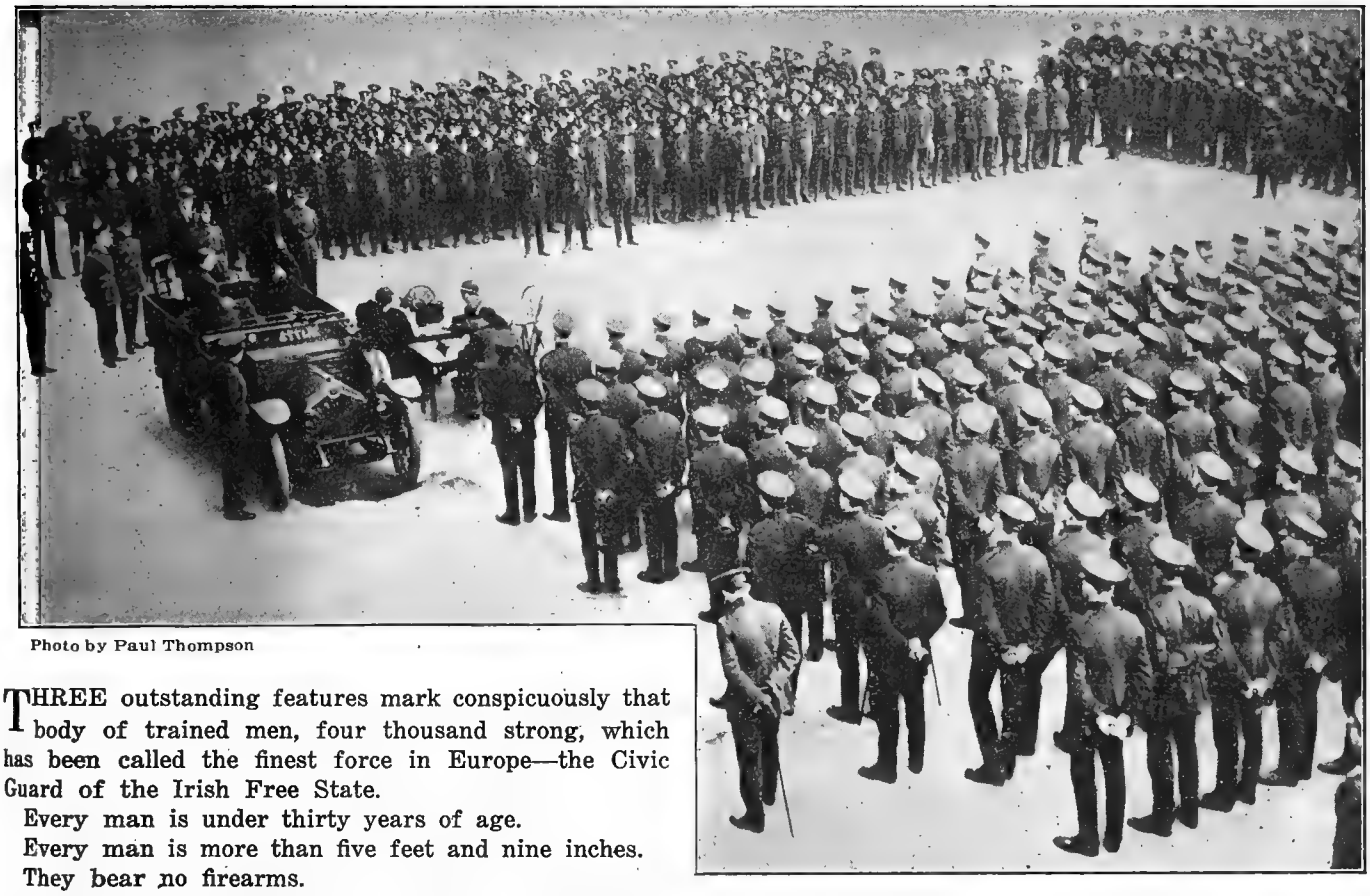

Photo by Paul Thompson

The spruce appearance and military carriage of the men of the Irish Civic Guard are clearly shown in this photograph of their assembly on the occasion of a parade in Dublin

THREE outstanding features mark conspicuously that body of trained men, four thousand strong, which has been called the finest force in Europe—the Civic Guard of the Irish Free State.

Every man is under thirty years of age.

Every man is more than five feet and nine inches.

They bear no firearms.

Tremendous emotions filled the breasts of Irishmen when the abolition of the rifle in the equipment of a police force became an accepted fact. For seven centuries the Irish people had been dominated by the constant threat of quick and severe punishment for the infraction of any of a multitude of laws. Now four and one-half millions of people are guarded by unarmed police.

Responsibility for this drastic revolution lies at the door of General Eoin O'Duffy, who, following the signature of the treaty of London, set about the organization of the new guard, to replace the Royal Irish Constabulary, withdrawn by England.

Abolition of that force and the withdrawal from Irish soil of its units and individuals was followed by an interval of uncertainty and speculation as to what sort of civic force might be best to maintain order and command respect in Ireland. A leader was sadly needed and he came along in the person of O'Duffy, a man gifted with a brain for organization, consolidation and direction. He was drafted into the service of his country in this embryonic period of her national life, and his selection for the great task demonstrates the wisdom of the government that picked him out of the multitude eager to serve.

General O'Duffy, a very young man, of iron determination, but with the poetic nature of his race, realized at once that ugly force would not avail to maintain the peace among a volatile people who had fought against just this thing for seven centuries. So his first act was to declare that the Civic Guard would bear no arms.

Not a man of the entire force carries any weapon other than a small baton. Where formerly an Irishman scowled, if he did nothing worse, when a policeman came in sight, now he smiles and wishes him the top o' the mornin', or the evenin', as it may be. He is not afraid of the man in uniform. The two are equally defended from aggression by Nature's own weapons and now there seems to be no cause for defiance.

In the olden days, under the Royal Irish Constabulary, there were twelve thousand men patrolling Ireland. They were armed and armed efficiently. They carried the most dreaded weapon in the world, unless exception may be made for the more modern machine gun. They were hated by the people of Ireland, who took every opportunity to express this animosity.

The change made by Commander O'Duffy won instant approval of the masses and from the day of its organization the Civic Guard has commanded the respect of the whole people of Ireland. During the guerilla warfare, prior to the signing of the Treaty of London and the evacuation of the island by the English, the Royal

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Irish Constabulary of twelve thousand men was virtually shot to pieces. It was constantly replaced, but it never occurred to its leaders that perhaps a little less of coercion and a greater leavening with brotherhood might have solved a mighty problem sooner and with a proportionate saving of human life. In 1922 the Royal Irish Constabulary went out of existence and the organization of the Civic Guard of the Irish Free State began.

Now it was that England as well as Ireland breathed a sigh of relief. Men had died because they wore the hated uniform of the Royal Constabulary and because they carried guns with which to enforce their orders. Others of Irish nationality had died in fighting against the Constabulary and the abolition, and withdrawal of the twelve thousand was hailed with joy by both sides of the struggling elements.

Not by any means were the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary Englishmen. Most of them were born Irishmen, but they were loyal to the uniform they wore and could no more be dissuaded from their sworn tasks than could the Irish nationalist be diverted from his demand for freedom from what he termed the "English yoke."

GENERAL O'DUFFY'S success in this work was so great that a few months ago following his visit to New York to attend the last International Police Conference, Commissioner O'Duffy was made a general and given full command of the army of the Irish Free State. About fifty thousand strong at the time, this army was gradually reduced to about twenty-five thousand. Gen. O'Duffy's work has consistently been one of conciliation.

A notable case illustrating the "no arms" policy of the Civic Guard is that of Guard Michael Lahinan, attached to the barracks at Castlegregory. Raiders armed with loaded rifles demanded admittance when he alone was on guard inside. He refused to open the door and they covered him with rifles through a window, ordering him to throw up his hands.

Several of them sprang through the window when he absolutely refused to obey their command, backed him against a wall, and continued their raid and robbing expedition. But Lahinan never did put up his hands and when the raiders were captured he appeared against them and was highly commended by the sitting justice. At the time Lahinan had no weapon whatever.

It is this sort of bravery that makes akin the force in Ireland and in New York and which cements a brotherhood a large proportion of which is of Celtic blood in both commands.

IN some small recognition of such valor of the Irish Civic Guard an enthusiastic American admirer of the police has given himself what he terms the pleasure of donating a gold medal each year to that member of the Civic Guard named by his officers as most entitled to bear the distinction.

The donor is Col. Walter Scott, of No. 495 Broadway, New York, and the medal is known as the "Walter Scott Medal for Valour."

During the visit of General O'Duffy to New York Mr. Scott made the offer and, upon it being accepted for the Guard, followed up his proposition by having the dies cut and the first medal cast by Dieges & Clust, of this city, from a design drawn by J. F. Maxwell, of Dublin.

To perpetuate the annual gift of one of these medals Mr. Scott sent to General O'Duffy, in trust for the purpose, a $1,000 bond bearing six per cent. interest, a sufficient sum for the manufacture of the medals from the dies he sent to Ireland.

The medal is of solid gold, eighteen carat, and is suspended on a ribbon of blue and gold. The entire design is Celtic and embodies the Celtic Cross. To right and left on the arms of the cross are the shields of the United States and of Ireland, while above are the words, "The Scott Medal," and on the bottom the motto, "For Valour." The recipient's name will be engraved on the back. On the obverse side, in Gaelic, are the border words, "Irish Free State Civic Guard."

This gift was flatteringly commented upon in the editorial pages of the official organ of the Civic Guard, "Iris an Gharda."

IN the newly adopted Firearms Act of 1924 the Irish have taken action along lines Commissioner Enright has long advocated for crime prevention. This Act prescribes that no one may, without a license, import, manufacture, sell or possess firearms or ammunition of any description.

The Minister of Home Affairs, Kevin O'Higgins, who also is in charge of the Civic Guard, is given power to make all regulations dealing with the importation, sale and carrying of arms and the Guard is empowered to enforce them.

The penalties for infraction of the law are severe. For first offenders the maximum penalty is six months' imprisonment and a fine not exceeding twenty pounds. Second offenders may be imprisoned at hard labor for two years and compelled to pay a fine of one hundred pounds.

Contrasted with this new regulation in Ireland is the one in force in England, where firearms may be obtained only on a permit signed by the Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard.

Other countries, outside the United States, have very strict laws against possession of firearms. Japan, for example, notably so; Cuba forbids the possession except by business houses, Peru prohibits importation and Argentine is expected to soon enact legislation of a like character.

General O'Duffy himself recently said, regarding the carrying of weapons, that everybody in Ireland except the Civic Guards seems to go armed. The subject is closely connected with the game laws and restrictions against poaching, as hunting is general. Yet it is an offense to carry a loaded rifle in a public place.

The Guards have to keep a close watch for poachers, and many interesting points come up for definition by the justices. One amusing incident is recorded where a justice was asked to determine the ownership of a hare, shot and killed by a man without a license. The hunter started the hare on A's land, the animal ran across the dividing line of the property into B's grounds and was killed. The hunter, observing that he was watched by a Guard, threw the hare over into the land of a third resident, C. The judge was asked whose property was the dead hare.

"There can be no property," replied the Irish Solomon on the bench, "in a wild animal that is free. Such an animal becomes the property of the person who catches it, but, if he afterwards abandons possession, it becomes

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FIRST PRIZE POLICE STORY

The Pursuit of the Parrot

Devil's Island, Bizarre Revenge, and a Talking Bird, Mix in a Case of the Sherlock Holmes Kind

By Lieutenant BERNARD DITSCH

(Expanded from the Original Story)

Surrounded as it was by reeds the hut was difficult to find. The gypsy-like woman on this occasion still had the shotgun and a Frenchman was lolling in a hammock and talking to a parrot he held on his finger

NOT long ago, an actor on Broadway gained a great reputation as a wit by describing a policeman as a man who never believes anything until it is proved. Like all good jokes, this one contains a considerable element of truth. The policeman's calling requires a most thorough scrutiny of every fact and incident and a habit of thought which refuses to assume that things are always exactly what they seem. But there ought to be one addition to the actor's description: that an experienced policeman is a man who is never astonished at anything.

What every policeman knows, on the contrary, is that anything can happen and that most things do. Life is a greater romancer than any writer of fiction can possibly be. The novelist has to be at least plausible, or readers will throw his book away in disgust. But Life doesn't care a rap of a nightstick whether it is plausible or not. The best detective stories, therefore, are to be found in the blunt records of police blotters, by those who have the skill to read them.

This story I am about to tell is an illustration. It is about love and revenge; about French Apaches and Devil's Island and the staid borough of Richmond; about crime and escapes and jail deliveries; about a man who might have stepped out of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and about a woman who might have sat as a model to Charles Dickens when he painted that terrible old dame of the guillotine in his "Tale of Two Cities."

If I were writing fiction, of course, the critics would at once laugh my tale out of court. They would say I had stretched "the long arm of coincidence" beyond all reason. Mere accident and luck, they would say, play too great a part in it. Fortunately, however, it is all a matter of record, and my only task is to piece the facts together as well as I can.

OFFICIALLY the matter came to police attention through a burglary at the home of Jacques Dier at Annadale, Staten Island, in 1913, but actually the story began many years before. Just where it did begin would not be easy to say, but as good a place as any to start it would be at a menagerie in the old French town of Rheims, some ten or fifteen years ago.

Like most continental towns, Rheims had its underworld, with frequent reinforcements from that of Paris. Now and then some Apache in the capital would find himself a little too much in the minds of the authorities, and conclude the time suitable for a "vacation" in the provinces. So he would disappear from Montmartre and pres-

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ently begin a new, if not always modest, career in Rheims, or Dijon, or Orleans, or perhaps slip across the line into Belgium.

Among others who found a temporary absence from Paris most advisable was a certain Pleuchot. Just what crimes were alleged against him I have forgotten, but they appear to have been many and serious. He was an alert, resourceful individual, physically powerful, determined and passionate, an ideal of that Parisian Apache type which has furnished the world with some of its most daring and successful criminals.

When Pleuchot arrived in Rheims he found a rough and ready welcome from several former companions who were also in retirement for much the same reasons as had driven him into exile. They quickly made him welcome, and among the other celebrities of their world they introduced him to the belle of the boulevards, a buxom beauty, who was commonly known as "La Grosse Melie."

The adjective was a tribute to her size, for she was a tall, stalwart, handsome woman, good-natured and gay, and was reputed to be as sizable in courage and spirit as in physique. Pleuchot at once marked her for his own and began paying violent court.

"La Grosse Melie" was not at all averse to his advances, for there were whispers about the bold refugee from Paris that appealed to the romantic in her, and he was handsome enough to please any woman.

But, just as his suit seemed most prosperous, a rival appeared. A traveling show had brought to town a lion tamer, whose exploits had been so numerous and whose successes in his particular line had been so great that he soon became even more famous than anyone else around Rheims. Like Pleuchot, he was a great, strong man. When he appeared in his stage costume, it was seen that his arms, face and neck were marked with the scars of many a desperate encounter. And when he entered the cage, popping a whip or snapping his fingers in the snarling jaws of his lions, he appeared so intrepid that it was small wonder that "La Grosse Melie," looking on, was fascinated.

A great contest for her favor ensued between the lion tamer and Pleuchot. How it would have come out if they had been left to fight it through can only be surmised. As it developed, however, the menagerie man was soon alone in the field, for the police suddenly swooped down into the underworld of Rheims and Pleuchot and several of his friends were arrested. In due time the Apache and his gang were sent to Devil's Island, where they remained for several years, and from which Pleuchot afterwards contrived a spectacular escape, getting away in a boat he had built with his own hands.

Before this, however, the lion tamer had completely won "La Grosse Melie." They decided to seek a new life in a new land, and came over to this country, where, as Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Dier, they settled down in the peaceful little French colony around Annadale. Here they lived a quiet life of industry and frugality, won the confidence and esteem of their neighbors, and acquired a local reputation as being well-to-do.

OF all the settlements of foreigners around New York, this group of French folk has been considered among the most desirable. They are quiet and peaceable, work hard, attend to their own business and prove themselves useful citizens in every way. That such a colony would provide an asylum for a few undesirable compatriots is scarcely surprising. Certainly nobody would think of looking in such a place for runaway Apaches. So at least certain of these Apaches seemed to think—for, as it afterwards appeared, some of the very persons who had escaped from Devil's Island had slipped quietly in and renewed old contacts without attracting the slightest suspicion, either from their neighbors or the police.

That was the situation when the Dier burglary took place in 1913. At the request of Lieutenant Van Wagner, in charge of that district, the Police Commissioner assigned me to assist in the investigation, because of my ability to speak French. I at once started for Staten Island and, at St. George, boarded a train for Annadale.

As I took a seat in the smoker I noticed two men in front of me who were obviously French, and, as I thought, of a distinct Apache type. I judged that they had heard some word of the burglary and were discussing it, so, feigning to be deeply absorbed in my newspaper, I got as close as I could to them. I heard one of them say:

"Que penses-tu d'Armand?" (What do you think of Armand?)

"Ne parle pas si haut!" (Don't speak so loud!) the other cautioned sharply.

From then they spoke so quietly that, try as I would, I could not distinguish another syllable. However, I made a mental note of the name for future reference.

At the Dier home it was apparent that the burglary had been an unusual one. A safe had been blown open and jewelry worth $5,000 taken. The explosion had set fire to the house, causing considerable damage. But the most curious thing about it all was that several photographs had been slashed and otherwise disfigured. They were all portraits of Mrs. Dier and her husband, pictures of other persons apparently having been ignored.

From this circumstance and from several remarks let fall by Dier, we reached the conclusion that part of the motive for the robbery had been revenge, and that it probably had been committed by Frenchmen. But who? Neither Dier nor his wife could think of anybody in the colony with a bitter grudge against them. I mentioned the name I had heard on the train, but they did not recognize it.

So there we were with doubly mysterious robbery on our hands for solution and without a real clew. We had an inkling of why the crime had been committed, but knew nothing that would connect it with any person. But it is to solve such problems that detectives exist—so we went at the job.

This name, Armand, was the only thing like a clew and it seemed a very doubtful link with the case. Nevertheless, it was the best we had, so we went to work on it, I making it my business to talk to every Frenchman thereabouts and, in the course of the conversation, bringing up the name, Armand.

ONE day, as I was beginning to despair, I was talking with a member of the colony whose identity I must not disclose, and asked him if he knew any Monsieur Armand.

"No," he said thoughtfully, and then added, with a smile, "Unless you mean old Arman Fauchon."

Now in French Arman and Armand are pronounced exactly alike. I asked about this Fauchon and was told that he was a queer, hard old fellow, something of a hermit and something of a fisherman, that he would "steal anything from a chicken up," that he lived in a hut hid-

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PRIZE POLICE STORY

Merry Christmas, Rogers

A Happy Holiday Eve for Two Detectives, and for a Man They Find in the Shopping Throngs

By Lieutenant JOHN J. O'CONNELL

DID you ever make a trip on one of the Sound boats from Boston to New York?

Yes! Then you will recollect, if you occupied an outside stateroom on the port side, that after being awakened by the porter at Hell Gate your first view was of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary with its grim gray walls of granite.

This sight had no unpleasant association for you. But such was not the case with a man who occupied such a room on the eve of Christmas, 1915. The first of his many experiences that day was to sit up in his berth and look out on the drab vista of the penitentiary building.

Prison and Christmas Eve! These two things that to the average man are far apart had for this man a certain combined significance. His first reaction was a shiver, then he shook himself as if to throw off something unpleasant. He followed that with a leap out of the berth. Straightening up with a smile and a throwing out of the chest, he mentally remarked that the sight meant nothing to him. It should be no portent. He was a free man and he meant to remain so.

LET us forget for a moment the man in the stateroom and his buoyant joyousness.

The scene changes to the greatest shopping district in the world, Fifth Avenue and its neighborhood in the upper Thirties. On this Christmas Eve it held its usual throng of folks gaily bent on administering to the happiness of others. The holiday spirit possessed both the large and the small children who moved in the spacious aisles of the fashionable shops or clogged the ways in the more popular stores. There was merriment in most faces, even in those of certain rather quiet men who travelled in pairs among the hurrying throngs.

These men were there on serious business, but the all-pervasive holiday spirit possessed them as it did those others with whom they came in contact. The men in question were members of the special detective patrol who at every Christmas Eve are sent out from Police Headquarters to keep watch over the shopping districts. They make up the guard that prevent undue incursions by those light fingered gentry for whom, were it not for this special precaution, Christmas time would be harvest.

Like those who moved about them the men of the Detective Division had their own little affairs of Christmas in mind. Of the two with whom this account deals, one had a special date with Santa Claus that evening. He was to don certain white whiskers and red outer clothing and play the man from the North Pole for the benefit of his kiddies.

Hurrying away from a hotel near the avenue, the man looked behind him often and nervously switched the heavy suitcase from hand to hand

The other was filled with thoughts of the Christmas Eve dinner he expected to enjoy at seven and was making his companion's mouth water with a list that had just passed the succulent lobster with mayonnaise and the pleasant combination of nuts and other good things. His partner, Devanney by name, stopped the recital short with a nudge that the speaker well understood.

Just ahead of them was a well-dressed man who obviously had just left a hotel a few steps off the avenue and was hurrying toward them. He carried a prosperous looking suitcase which he shifted from one hand to the other. As the two men approached him he looked confused.

"What's your hurry, young man?" was the interrogation.

"Philadelphia train," was the prompt response.

"Trains for Philly are on the west side," ejaculated one of the detectives. He followed with——

"What's in the suitcase?"

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"My clothes," answered the stranger. "I just left my hotel and I am in a hurry to catch a train."

"Establish your residence at the hotel and you'll satisfy us and the rest of the Police Department," commented Detective Sergeant Devanney, showing his gold shield.

After a voluble protest the stranger returned to the hotel. In a pause in the vestibule he was asked his name. "Daniel Rogers," he replied.

But he guessed wrong, for there was no Daniel Rogers registered. Furthermore, the clerks did not recognize him as a patron. The suitcase and its contents, however, were recognized and soon were identified as belonging to one Jenkins, a real honest-to-goodness guest from whose possession they had mysteriously disappeared without his knowledge or consent. There ensued a short colloquy.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Devanney, "Rogers will be arraigned in the Fifty-seventh Street Court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Your presence will be necessary only to identify the stolen property as your property. You won't be needed more than half an hour."

"Very well, I'll be there," Jenkins promised.

IT was not a long walk to the Second Branch Detective Bureau, then located on Thirty-seventh Street near Third Avenue, where Rogers was arraigned.

"What's the charge?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Grand Larceny," I answered—Devanney and I had travelled together for three years back.

In giving his pedigree Rogers insisted that he was a resident of Boston and had just come from there. And we couldn't disprove it. There were no memoranda, no letters, no cards, no clothing tags and no initials on his wearing apparel that would either prove or disprove his assertion.

Pending the arrival of a patrol wagon to transfer him to the cells at Police Headquarters, Rogers was left in the Detention Room in the basement. In less than half an hour he escaped by forcing a window and disappeared into the dusk. Once more he was as free as he had been that morning—and he firmly resolved he would stay at liberty.

Before long his leave-taking was discovered. The elaborate machinery of the department was immediately set in motion—a general alarm was issued for his arrest and a hunt for him began. It was then a few minutes after five o'clock.

"If Rogers is not retaken within twenty-four hours, boys," warned our Captain, "I will be obliged to prefer charges according to the regulations. Get busy and good luck to you both."

Which meant that if we couldn't pick this elusive hotel thief out of the milling population of six million New Yorkers we stood in fair prospect of being sharply disciplined, transferred to pound the pavements, and reduced in salary $800 a year. We were both First Grade Detectives. A pleasant Christmas prospect.

There was no time for lengthy consultation nor for much cogitation either. Immediate action was called for. Search of the vicinity was first undertaken on the theory that Rogers would falter in his flight. But it was useless.

A passing taxi-cab was called. "Drive quickly to the Pennsylvania station," was the order.

"Rather a tight situation for us," I said, once inside the cab.

"Sure is," commented Devanney. "It looks like Merry Christmas for Rogers, but some worry for us."

"Let's keep right after him tonight till we are dead tired," I suggested.

"Guess I won't doll up the Christmas Tree tonight or try to rehearse St. Nicholas," declared Devanney.

I knew he had five children and visioned the predicament instantly.

"However," he continued, "something tells me that we'll play Santa Claus to Rogers instead before we go home tonight."

"Have a cigarette, Barney?"

"No, thanks, John, I'll keep both hands free and my sight ready for the gat if it's needed." I understood the reference without further words.

Army service in early youth had made Devanney proficient in the use of the pistol. He is what is known as a "two-gun man." I knew that a few years back Devanney had recognized in the crowds at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street a man wanted by the police. Devanney called on him to halt, but the man took flight, whereupon Devanney fired a warning shot in the air, quickly followed by another.

The bang of the gun only increased the fugitive's speed. So Devanney stopped, waited a second for a clear sight through the crowd, took deliberate aim at the man's left shoulder, and brought him down. Rogers would be brought down likewise, if necessary.

IT was my "hunch" we were working on. I thought we would find our ticket-of-leave man on the six o'clock express for Philadelphia. His remarks when we questioned him before his arrest and his manner of speech gave me the idea. I clung to it despite the fact that we had caught Rogers hurrying away from rather than toward the Pennsylvania Terminal. We soon combed the coaches and Pullmans of the six o'clock train with no result. So we searched the waiting rooms and covered other outgoing trains. The one man of importance to us did not put in an appearance.

Giving up the railway search for a moment we headed up Seventh Avenue to inspect places suspected of being "hangouts" for criminals.

We realized thoroughly the handicap we were under. All we had to do was to find one man in a population of six million. To paraphrase the noted writer of "Speaking of Operations," we were ready for a major one, and, while it was to be on the outside of a hospital, there was a fine chance it would be performed with a pistol.

Devanney stopped just long enough to postpone indefinitely his return home and his rehearsal as St. Nicholas. I also postponed my dinner. Methodically we inspected the patrons of suspicious places and saloons in and out of the streets west of Seventh Avenue and as far north as Thirty-seventh Street. Then, undiscouraged, we went over to the east side of Seventh Avenue.

"Barney, there's our blue chinchilla on the other corner at Thirty-eighth Street with his back towards us talking to another man," I whispered.

We fairly leaped on a diagonal line across the roadway to the corner of Thirty-eighth Street. When we were within ten feet, Rogers sighted us and fled westward. The deer-like Devanney got him within six yards. He fought. A few of his friends attempted to aid him, but we were not to be fooled with. Rogers belonged to the law doubly sure now. So we quickly and decisively sent

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POLICE PRIZE HUMOROUS STORY

Signor Pagoda

Patrolman O'Halloran Prosecutes a Vigorous Search for a Highly Elusive Citizen of Sunny Italy

WILLIAM B. MCMANUS' STORY

THIS story goes back to the mediaeval days of New York when—stretching the point a trifle—"Broadway was a pasture and Forty-second Street a lane." Not quite as bad as that, perhaps, but almost. Broadway gaiety centered down in the Twenties and early Thirties; Forty-second street was lined with substantial four and five-story brick and brownstone buildings; people were still bewailing the fact that the "good old Wellington" Hotel had been torn down to make room for the Manhattan—now itself a matter of memory; Harry Thaw was only a young stripling spending his roll; horse cars were common sights; bicycling was still fashionable, and anyone who ventured north of the Seventies felt justified in renting a compass and hiring an Indian guide.

In other words, the story goes back to the early summer of 1903, a time when New York as a city was beginning to graduate from knickerbockers into long pants, and was suffering extensively from growing pains. And upon the form taken by the most observable of these pains hangs the tale.

Certain highly imaginative citizens had concocted the idea that the northern half of Manhattan Island might some day be good for something besides pasture land or places for reckless young persons to go riding in these here new-fangled hossless kerridges. So they had started the general upheaval incident to building a subway that should run up the West Side all the way to Spuyten Duyvil, then more or less of an uncharted spot in the wilderness.

Somebody once remarked that New York would be a pretty good town when it was finished, but the people of that day, viewing a gigantic split that rent their city wide open from end to end, had a fairly sizable hunch that the town never would get finished. Among those who had to superintend some of the details incidental to subway construction were the police of the West 100th street station, who did duty among the hardy settlers of the frozen northland—or so it seemed to the comfortably esconced residents of the lower city.

Now those first subway diggers were pretty exclusively Italians—not Italian-Americans, because most of them packed their earnings in their bandanna handkerchiefs and migrated back to their native lands when the job was over, but 100 per cent. Italians—and in 1903 Italians and Italian names were greater curiosities than they are now.

Consequently, slight errors were bound to occur. One did occur one summer day when an excited feminine voice called up—and announced:

As O'Halloran rampaged up and down the subway cut the strikers fled from the wrath in his face

"This won't do at all! Not at all! There's a big bunch of boys throwing stone and gravel at that Pagoda at Riverside Drive and Ninety-fifth street."

Desk Sergeant John W. McGloin got the message and called for the West 100th's house-duty man. Patrolman O'Halloran is as good a name for him as any, and a better one than a lot.

"O'Halloran," said the sarge, "see what's the matter with that Pagoda."

"Pagoda, pagoda," mused O'Halloran, as he walked out, first making sure that his gun was ready to be unlimbered at a moment's notice. "'Tis a fine collection of heathenish names these furriners have got. For why can't they be called Murphy or Sullivan or somethin' a body can remember. Pagoda! Why don't the big stiff look after himself. An' they think they're a tough bunch—these subway exterminators, I mean excavators. Oh, well. . . ."

At Ninety-sixth street he ran across Patrolman McNamara, who was busy directing traffic by seeing that a tandem bicycle, going south, didn't run into a horse and buggy proceeding north.

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"Do ye mind an Eye-talian named Piano, I mean Pagoda?" inquired O'Halloran of his brother cop.

"I do not," said McNamara. "Of all the Eye-talians I've seen hereabouts there's a prosperous lookin' feller with a watch chain named Padrone an' all the rest is named Wall-yo, though heaven knows how ye spell it. What's this Pig-alley feller been doin'?"

"Nothin'," replied O'Halloran. "He's been done somethin' to, I understand. Well, f'r wancet 'tis no use askin' the Irish. I'll be tryin' this Eye-talian grocer down the line."

Half a block further on he entered the grocery.

"Hey," he demanded, "ye're wan of them so ye ought to know. Are ye acquainted mayhap with a lad named Pajama, I mean Pagoda, an' if so, where is he?"

"Bologna?" inquired the merchant. "Si, si, signor. Bologna, she ees feefteen cents."

"The ignorance of some people's children," meditated O'Halloran exiting. "Here 'twas Columbus, an Eye-talian himself, that discovered this country, an' his descendants don't know how to speak its own language. Sure, if they dig this subway hole deep enough, they'll be comin' out in Chiny, where belike they'll be able to understand the inhabitants."

The next stop was at a barber shop whose proprietor volubly insisted that he knew no Pagoda.

"Trying to cover him up, eh!" said O'Halloran as he resumed the hunt.

So he progressed along, asking at various way stations for Pomona, Pimento, Palaver, Palmetto, Panorama, Papyrus and sundry other names, but usually correcting himself after a glance at his written instructions.

By this time O'Halloran had accumulated a vast weariness in his search.

He returned to the station house in the hope that he would be excused from further prosecution of the case. But instead Sergeant McGloin read out the complaint in full and told him to bestir himself.

"The Children have been throwing stones, mud, etc., at the Pagoda in Ninety-fifth Street," he recited.

Out went O'Halloran again. And in an unlovely humor. When he reached Broadway he dived into the vast upheaval that was yet to be a rapid transit route. It happened to be that one of the general strikes that the diggers of dirt and the makers of cement were constantly indulging in was on. Therefore there were hundreds of leisurely men hanging about.

"Hey, you," growled O'Halloran as he collared one of the sons of sunny Italy, "where's Pagoda?"

There was an immediate general exodus from that vicinity by the other strikers and the man O'Halloran had collared joined in the race to escape the moment he was able to pull away.

This general retreat from his vicinity convinced O'Halloran that he was getting close to the man he sought, and he rampaged up and down the subway, buttonholing this and that Italian with a view to shaking out of them the hiding place of "that Pagoda."

It was no go, and after doing more climbing in a few hours than an Alpine guide does in a day, O'Halloran decided to make a general investigation of Ninety-fifth Street from the Park to the River.

Glowering mightily, he walked westward with such a terrifying mien that children fled from the sidewalk at sight of him. And then at Riverside Drive whom should he chance upon but Detective Rafferty of his precinct. Surely here was a well-informed man.

"Wan more try I'll make," decided O'Halloran. "After that the boys can throw stones at this Pagoda guy till he's full of holes like a sieve. Rafferty, who the divvle and all is Parnassus, I mean Pagoda?"

"Pagoda," answered Rafferty learnedly, "ain't a who; it's a what. D'ye see that tower house in the middle of the street? That's the Pagoda."

So O'Halloran's report ran:

"Arrived at scene. Found boys dispersed. Rocks and gravel tranquil and stationary. Eye-talian power house not badly damaged."

And to himself he added:

"Worse luck!"

Twenty Years After

TWO lieutenants seated at table at the recent banquet of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association of New York were greatly astonished when a man they did not at first recognize slapped them on their broad backs with a hail-fellow-well-met heartiness and said:

"I've been hunting all over the ten or fifteen dining-rooms here for you. Its the first time I've had a chance to thank you for what you did for me twenty years ago."

"Who'd we pinch?" asked the younger of the lieutenants.

"Nobody," came the rejoinder, "just because you were there no one gave you a chance to pinch him.

"Do you remember being detailed to the primary polls one day in the fall of 1903, with a Republican leadership fight on in the old ——th district. I was making my first fight for leadership and I had asked Headquarters for protection.

"I told the Inspector in the district that I thought I had the votes, but that there were hints of rough work by the opposition and that I needed protection. He sent you two chaps and ————, who is also a Lieutenant now. I'll never forget it, for I owe my success that day to the fact that you fellows saw there was fair play."

In the conversation that followed it developed that both men remembered the incident of the primary and the intense young leader's activities.

Also the lieutenants learned that the politician was hunting for the third man to likewise thank him after twenty years. The leader said he had seen one of the Lieutenants once since the day of that far-off primary. The two others he had not seen in the meantime. Yet he had remembered their names and had traced them out among the thousand diners at the big banquet.

Which only goes to show that good police work does not always go unappreciated. And also that political leaders rise as much by cultivating friendships as by partisan plotting. The lieutenants shall remain nameless here as also the political leader, but he is the city's "big boss" in an important political party.

In Traffic

Pedestrians as well as autoists cause a great deal of trouble in the regulation of traffic, and the control of motor cars in our large cities. Thousands of police officers are required throughout the country to prevent the public on foot from literally committing suicide.

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The Conqueror

Bold Youth Sets Out on a Lone Crusade Against the All-Powerful King Morphia

DR. CARLETON SIMON'S STORY

"I HAVE seldom seen a more perfect picture of health than this lad presented," said Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of the Narcotic Bureau, in describing a youth who had come into his museum-like office some eight months before.

"Although he had been reared in Philadelphia by wealthy parents and had never worked a day in his life, he had the apple cheeks and the brilliant eyes that might have belonged to a farmer's boy just fresh from the haying field and the old swimming hole.

"Standing as he did with the trained ease of the college athlete, he might have made, had it not been for the smooth hanging modern clothes, a model for Praxiteles or some of those other old fellows who knew as much about the outer anatomy as does any doctor today. No Greek sculptor need have despised such a subject, for the lad had innate grace and all the facial beauty that a manly man should have. Close curled yellow hair framed a face of pink ruddiness in which large blue eyes, a clean-cut nose, even lips of sharp red and a dogged-looking cleft chin made up a countenance that was at once open and friendly.

" 'Take a good look at me, Commissioner,' was his surprising salutation, 'because tomorrow I become a drug addict.'

"In all my experience of years with all kinds of men I never had heard a more startling statement. As, after a little, the full meaning of the thing came home to me I was dumbfounded at the thought that this youth with the dew of life's morning fresh on his brow should deliberately propose to turn himself into that pitiful creature, a drug fiend.

"Yet, as it later developed, there was no dissuading this crusader spirit—no preventing the planned martyrdom for the good of humanity.

" 'My purpose is to show mankind that the drug habit can be conquered,' was his next amazing statement. 'Thousands fail of cure because they believe there is no cure. I shall point a way to all such weaklings. I shall prove that mind is master; that where there is a will to conquer even the drug habit must retreat defeated before the divine power of the human will.'

"This has to be fought with fire, so I gave it to him strong.

" 'You will be stepping down into Hell,' said I; 'how do you know you will ever emerge?'

" 'I carry here,' and he tapped his right vest pocket, where ran a tiny thread-like watch chain, 'a talisman that will save me even if my own strength fails.'

" 'Come, come,' I returned impatiently, 'this is not the day of knight-errantry. What charm can save a man when his own powers fail him?'

" 'The love for a good woman! So long as her face is before me I cannot sink—so long as this talisman is with me I shall conquer.'

" 'A Child's Crusade!' I exclaimed hotly in my effort to break his purpose, 'Who will believe in a drug fiend? I can tell you something out of a lifetime of experience with the victims of these drugs you treat so lightly. No woman's faith, no woman's tears, no woman's sacrifice, even though it be of honor or of life, can save the unsavable—and ninety-nine out of a hundred who do what you plan are unsavable unless they have some God-given spark of overmastering will-power. They are supermen who conquer the ever-victorious army of King Morphia.'

"We must, we must find him," cried Helene, pulling on Dr. Simon's lapels.

"But there is none so strong of purpose as the zealot in a wrongful cause. His answer showed that he still believed himself a knight in armor, invincible to the arrows of the foe. So I went at him again.

"What if you are saved by yourself or by that platinum encased photo and that bit of golden curl? Will you be worth saving? Take the word of a man who has seen thousands who have preceded you on this path into Hell—not one of them has come back the man he was when he went in.

"You will be a physical wreck in a few months. Even though you muster up the miraculous power to lift yourself out of the pit, what will you be when you come back? Of what good will you be to humanity then? Your powers will have been sapped so that it will take years to re-

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store them. How will the restoration of such a wreck—for you will be a partial wreck both morally and physically—benefit your lady there? Tell me that!

"But there was no dissuading him—he took the plunge."

THUS did the matter-of-fact foe of the narcotic evil tell the beginning of the story of a great battle—a fight in which every power of will and science was ranged against the insidious King Morphia.

He told, too, of the end, which likewise came within his personal experience; but of the intervening six months the long procession of colorful pictures was painted in by other hands.

It was not even from Commissioner Simon, but from the tongue of him who planned to be Conqueror, that the full story came of that interview among the cases of dread exhibits that the Commissioner uses as his sanctum. Others in his office gave further details of that day's conflict.

"Read this note and see if you can picture yourself sending that to me?" said the Commissioner. He handed over a dirty scrap of paper that in a scrawling character denounced Dr. Simon in terms too revolting to use here and ended with—

"Yours shall be the

LIVING DEATH!"

"Yet some man who once was as clean as you sent that to me when my men interfered with his supply of heroin. Can you picture yourself falling so low? Of course you can't. But you may!"

This last was sent at the young man with the force of a battering ram. He reeled mentally under the impact, but still shook his curly head in refusal to be budged.

"This opium pipe," thundered the doctor—and now he was standing over this handsome zealot—"was the property of a white woman who tried the smoke in order to be a bit devilish. She only meant to be smart, but this pipe—see the red smear on the stem—saw her beat out the life of a child—her own child—saw her try to kill her yellow-skinned paramour, and saw her end her own life with an overdose of the greatest of all these poisons—hasheesh."

The boy was firm. "I can conquer," said he simply.

The doctor raged against him, told him tales of article after article that he picked from the collection of horrors that surrounds the office. Finally, lifting himself in dramatic negation with hand outstretched, he shouted: "You shall not do this thing—I'd rather help you kill yourself today than be witness that you should deliberately make a beast out of yourself. It is ten times worse than death."

"But I told him he couldn't stop me," said the boy afterward in a matter-of-fact way, "which he couldn't, you know—and that I would do it. And I did!"

That was the way in which he told of a change greater than he had ever made or was ever to make in his life again, except once.

"And I did!"

NOW, the Commissioner had never meant to stop with exhortation. But all of his manifold experiences with mankind had taught him to doubt that the young man could possibly muster nerve to carry out his intent. The thing was incredible. The last word the Commissioner said to his crusader visitor was of cheering counsel: "Now come in tomorrow or next day and tell me you have your feet back on earth again, and that you have dropped your wild plan."

So for the first twenty-four hours the Commissioner firmly believed the fresh faced youth would return with mind and body still free of the taint of the damned extracts of morphia. Therefore the next afternoon Dr. Simon stayed in his office for long over-hours like unto those that precede an important raid. At every door opening he looked up expectant. "Here he is at last" was his fervant under-breath expression more than once. But never once was it right. Neither on that afternoon nor the next nor the next did the waited-for visitor reappear.

"What!—are you also buying heroin?" cried the astonished detective.

Doctor Simon had failed to get the lad to give his name, but he had partly wheedled, partly surprised him into telling the first name of the girl and into mentioning Arvane Street, Philadelphia.

That, however, had been a barren victory had not the Doctor known something of the Quaker City. He noticed at the time that he did not recognize the name of the street and in thinking the thing over two days later, a valuable idea struck him. The thoroughfare might be one of those tiny, eddy-like places two squares long (for what is a block in many another town is literally and colloquially a "square" in Philadelphia and Washington), two stories deep and two wagon-breadths wide that run humpily enough between the main electrified currents of Philadelphia traffic.

On looking up the city's map he found his surmise had been correct. Therefore it might be possible to find a Helene in one of the few structures in this two squares of fine suburban homes. He would wait a couple of more days for word of the young man and if none came he would try to locate her.

The Commissioner at this time knew only what the lad had said that he would begin using drugs on the day after their single interview. It was to be weeks before

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he knew positively that the threat had been carried out. But after four days of waiting another mission took him to Philadelphia and after he had completed his work he decided to investigate this boy's case.

CALLING in the aid of a local headquarters detective, Dr. Simon was soon in Arvane Street. It took only a quick parry of words to reveal to him that he had intruded upon a secret sorrow.

Helene Chadsey had hidden from parents and friends that Walter Chubbleigh, generally regarded as her fiance, had disappeared, so when the callers brought ill news of him she was torn between two impulses. Firstly, she felt called to tears; secondly, she feared to alarm her parents by giving way to her feelings.

Not every gently nurtured girl of eighteen can hold herself so well in check as did this society fledgling. At first, with hand to cheek and sometimes to mouth, she invited the Doctor into the sunny enclosed porch. Once the shades were lowered a little, however, and the door was closed the little maid let herself go.

She rushed to throw herself against the strong support of the man of experience and resource. With a soft hand thrust into his big hands she sobbed out:

"I did it. I am to blame. Oh, Doctor, let's go to him at once. We'll save him."

"My dear girl,"—there was comfort and reassurance in the tone, but no help in the words—"we don't know where to look. I've come to you to get a clew to where he may be."

Like a stricken bird she started up. Then looking up, she pulled with tiny, helpless hands on the doctor's coat lapels. "But we must find him—must! must!"

PRESENTLY the whole story came cascading out on a flood of tears.

"I drove him to it! It was just my stubborn complaining about his drinking a little that caused the whole thing. I know it now, but of course I had no idea at the time that he would ever do such a thing as this."

Still aquiver, though calmer, the little Quaker maid after a few minutes was able to lie back amid a cosy nest of cushions and tell Doctor Simon of the long childhood friendship between herself and Walter.

Growing up together in Philadelphia's comparatively sedate society, they had only within the last two years moved in circles where cocktails were a common temptation. At the annual ball of Philadelphia's crack cavalry organization Walter, himself a trooper, had joined with some of the others of the uniform in a little over-indulgence. When he had returned to his fair partner of the evening, she had for the first time in her life found him repulsive.

Who can give the true color and thrill of what a dainty woman feels when for the first time she finds the god she has admired turned into a beast? When that shock that comes to many women arrives without preparation, as in this case, what words can describe her tremors of revulsion.

With a little cry of dismay this unsmirched daughter of a long Quaker line turned and fled from Walter into the darkness. He followed her, stumblingly enough, and at the armory entrance he good humoredly tried to allay her indignation and recapture her fancy.

Walter was in very good humor with himself—that fine humor that comes with a few cups of cheer too much. It did not occur to him as he argued with Helene that he was really abhorrent to her—such a thought never entered his mind. So with the crass stupidity that has marked men of his type through all the ages he tried to regain his lady's errant fancy. With every word, however, he stumbled deeper and deeper into the mire and the end came when Helene was driven to tears, partly those of indignation, partly those of desperation, partly those aroused by an awful feeling of loneliness.

She appealed to one of her father's friends to take her home and so left Walter, ordinarily as fine a looking young cavalryman as God's sun shines upon, standing stupidly by the entrance door. His eyes were a blank of alcoholic stupefaction and his splendid figure was a rather loose and shabby thing as he slouched there under King Alcohol's spell.

Walter had come to her the next day all apology and abasement. Realization of the shame he had caused her had come to him but not realization of what it really meant. With a man's assurance of a woman's forgiveness, he merely expressed sorrow for the scene of the night before and never thought to promise that it would not occur again.

Helene had previously seen other men under the influence of liquor but never before had what was to her mind a beastly habit come so close to her. The men of her family were clean of the taint of rum.

Between her own naturally high spirit and her belief that Walter would be willing to do anything for her she proceeded in her talk with him upon the supposition that he would of course never offend again. And right there the man's and woman's natures clashed and came to a definite parting of the ways.

Helene was insistent that such a thing must never happen again and Walter, sure of himself with that peculiar cocksureness that marks the American college boy, merely kept iterating that he could quit it at any time.

"You don't seem to understand, Walt," cried Helene. "This thing is more than I could stand—I could no more care for you if you were a victim of the liquor habit than I could care for you insane or a drug fiend. It isn't in me."

"Oh, this doesn't mean anything. Half of the boys out at my frat drink a lot more than I do and every one of us can stop whenever we feel like it. You don't want to think so much of a little thing like that."

"Doesn't mean anything! It certainly means something to me."

"Oh, Helene, don't make mountains out of mole hills. I haven't the liquor habit. I can stop drinking any minute."

"I don't believe it! You've driven out all my faith in you. I thought you were above such things."

"Shucks, I'm just human like all the rest."

"I at least believed that you would stay clear of temptation. I never believed it possible that you would fall so low."

"I haven't fallen, as I say, I can forget this drinking in a minute and never take another drop."

"Oh, Walter, if I could only believe you—but I can't. Once I've seen you give away to such temptation I don't believe you could ever be proof against it again."

Now the lad's pride was touched and he turned indignantly on Helene with—

"You don't believe in me, eh? No faith! Well, I

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Radio-Police!

A Prophecy of 1925

By Marion Lee

(*Reprinted from the Radio Magazine of August*, 1925)

ON May 16, 1925—which was the anniversary of the meeting of the first Pan-American conference, and therefore the day set jointly by Latin-Americans and the United States for public ratification in Washington of the recently effected treaty for Pan-American arbitration and disarmament—there occurred in the Capital one of those strange political outrages that from time to time have marked, but not hampered, all great forward steps taken by humanity toward peace.

As if in exasperation at the conclusion of the long-sought-for agreement for the demilitarizing of the southern republics of the three Americas, men or women at the moment unknown exploded against the side of the beautiful Pan-American Building in Seventeenth street a bomb of such high power that the great marble wall was made to rock.

Inside the building at the moment were most of the dignitaries of the South and Central American nations who had gathered in Washington for the disarmament conference, besides the earlier comers among officials of the State, War, Navy and Commerce departments who had been officially concerned in the drafting of the great treaty.

The President was expected in fifteen minutes with all the members of the Cabinet and great committees from the Congress, both houses of which had specifically indorsed the new era of Pan-American amity—the House by special resolutions that gave unanimous approval to the work of the treaty makers and the Senate by the unprecedented act of approving a treaty in toto on the day of its submission to that body and without debate.

That a section of the Pan-American building's wall was not crushed in with resultant loss of life among the distinguished men gathered within was due merely to the strength of the construction, since the bomb was later proved to have been big enough to have brought down an ordinary house of heavy masonry.

It was obvious—or was supposed to be—at the first, that the miscreants guilty of this gross outrage had aimed directly at the men from Latin America gathered for this famous conclave.

The quick conclusion was that politicians who—like the professional patriots of many other lands—had drawn their sustenance from the encouragement of strike and the fomenting of rebellion and warfare, had struck this last and, as they hoped, fatal blow at the friends of peace from their own countries.

OUR readers will readily recall the public enthusiasm for the treaty—the bonfires that were lighted at a radio signal from Washington on hilltops averaging thirty miles apart from Washington to the Pacific beaches. They will recall the indignation at the bomb explosion and the universal objurgation that fell on its perpetrators. Our story deals only with the police and secret service operations that immediately resulted.

"What was this car?" asked the Major, "You boys know cars."

Perhaps five minutes were employed by the police and the officials who rushed over from the Secret Service and District of Columbia headquarters in ascertaining the extent of the damage and learning whether the building was in too dangerous condition for the holding of the ceremony in which the President was to participate—besides making sure that no one had been seriously hurt.

Once it was certain that the celebration could go on and that the sixteen persons who had found themselves wounded by flying fragments had in no case suffered more than scalp wounds for which the hurriedly summoned ambulances afforded ample relief, then concerted measures toward apprehending the dynamiters were possible.

The Major commanding the District of Columbia police was with the presidential party at the White House at the time the explosion threw Washington into a panic. This was at 11.46 A. M. The chief of the Secret Service was one of the officials making up the large delegation that was to accompany the President. These two men charged with special guardianship were actuated by a common impulse. They ran upstairs in the White House to make sure that the President was secure and of course found him there. The usual guard of Secret Service operatives was on the stair or in the hall below and the police platoon assigned as the President's guard was on the Pennsylvania avenue side of the White House awaiting his appearance.

Giving orders for a very strict guard, the two officials rushed to a government motor, hastened up Pennsyl-

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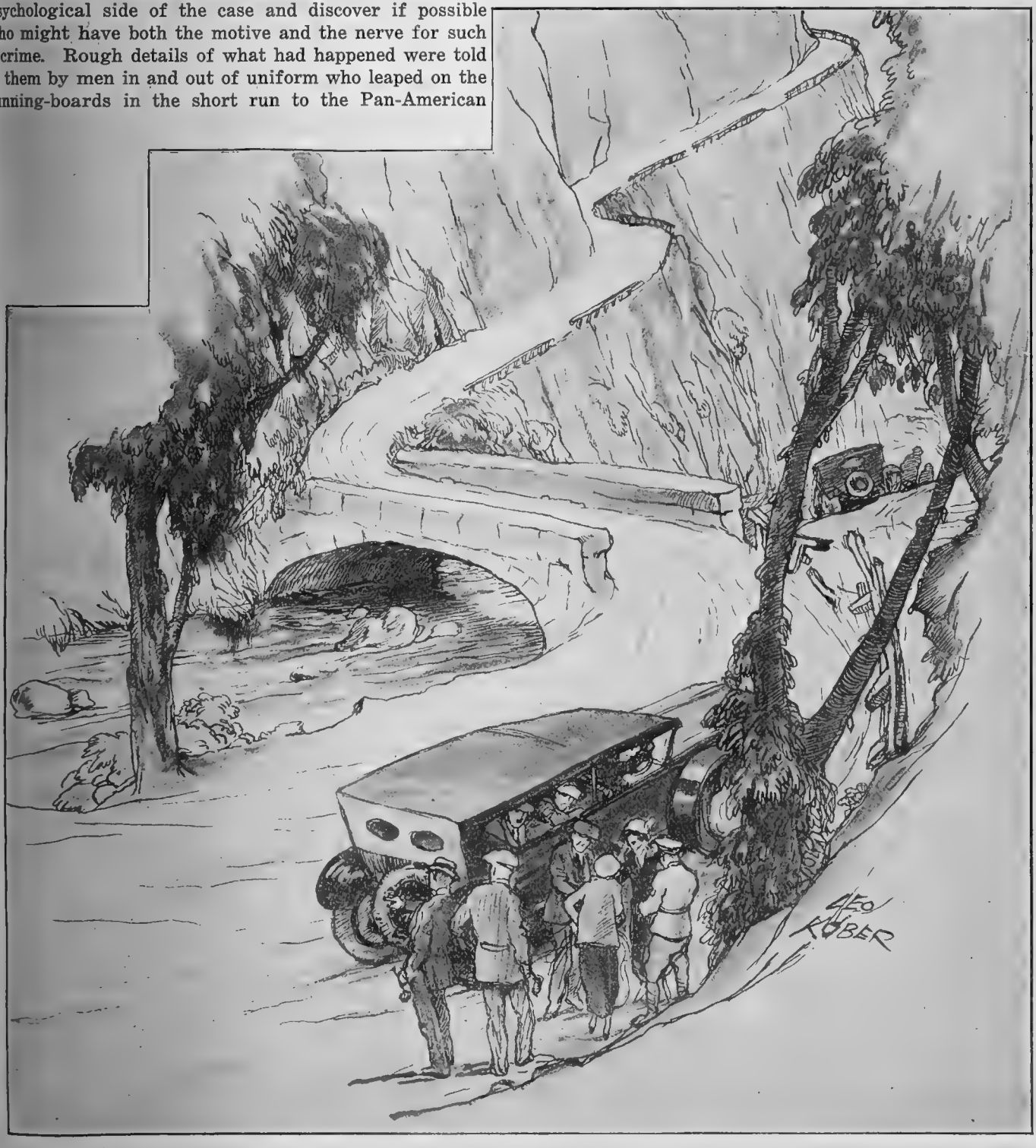
vania avenue, turned south through rapidly growing crowds, and so reached the Pan-American building.

On the way the two officials came to an emergency treaty for a division of labor and avoidance of overlapping. Roughly this was that the police should concern themselves with the physical or material side of the affair. They were to discover the methods by which the crime had been committed and the means by which its perpetrators had arrived and departed. Pursuit, if it proved to be necessary, was to be their task.

The Secret Service was to work on the political and psychological side of the case and discover if possible who might have both the motive and the nerve for such a crime. Rough details of what had happened were told to them by men in and out of uniform who leaped on the running-boards in the short run to the Pan-American

services who had been at the building were immediately detailed to the work of apprehending the criminals while the police reserves from three precincts and the forces of Secret Service men brought from the squads at the White House and at Headquarters in the Treasury Department were hurriedly put in charge at the Pan-American building.

As everybody knows the crowds were driven away after an hour or more and the scheduled ceremony was gone through with at 2:30 o'clock instead of at noon.



When the big car stopped short of the bridge Kinkead saw the other car bogged down in the river bank.

structure.

So when the scene of the explosion was reached each head of a force was ready for the reports of his own men and to direct their further efforts. The men of both

There were scores of suggestions and clews offered to the investigators in a temporary headquarters they established opposite the White House grounds, but the first definite clew came about twelve-eighteen when Sergeant

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Andersen of the Washington police, a former sergeant of military police in the World War, and the man who had been in charge of the traffic squad working around the Pan-American building, brought in three chauffeurs with the word that they were important witnesses.

"Major," said he, "you know the instant we heard that explosion I passed the word along not to let a car move out of the neighborhood and we didn't let a wheel stir until we knew just who was who. Besides we took the number of every car that was inside our lines for three blocks around, so they could all be checked up once more. We didn't get anything that way, but now I think I've got a line on something that will give a real clew.

"You know, sir, how a man looks with one tooth missing from the front row in his mouth. Well, sir, this line-up of cars looked just like that—and that's what drew my attention."

"Fine," said the Major, "let's have it."

"It was in Executive Circle, sir, the car was. And they got away just before the explosion. There was a gap in the line of parked cars up there as I found in checking over every car we had held in our net. And when I looked there were the marks of tires on the roadway, showing that some big car had been parked there. I asked these lads here, who were sitting in their cars behind and in front of this empty place, and they told me about the car. I'll let them tell you, Major. Speak up there, Mr. Uniform."

The uniformed chauffeur saluted before speaking. "We didn't know this was important, Major, but we're all anxious to help. I belong to the Legion myself and was driving the National Commander. I took him to the Pan-American and then went around Executive Circle to the end of the line and parked. I was behind a big red touring car with the top up and I didn't pay any attention to it except that I noticed it pulled out before the show—as I looked at it—and that was several minutes before the explosion, I should say."

"The car had the usual licenses, I suppose, D. C., Maryland, and Virginia?" said the Major casually.

"Why, no, sir, I don't believe it had. We see licenses from so many states here in Washington that we don't pay much attention. Come to think it over, I believe that license was cream or yellow looking."

"Pardon me, Major," broke in a tall saturnine chap among the chauffeurs, "but I saw the car drive off. Yellow license with black numbers, I'm sure."

"Had any experience observing such things?" asked the Major of his new informant.

"Why, yes, I was a garage inspector before I got the job of driving the Assistant Secretary of Commerce."

"Sure it was yellow and black?"

"Yes, sir—heavy letters."

"What states are using that this year?"

"New York, sir," cried several voices, "and West Virginia," added a few.

"New York uses a dash between her numbers—was there one?"

"Don't remember, sir, but it was a high number, I know that."

"New York City, by the Gods," exclaimed the Major.

"Maybe we're getting somewhere—what else do you chaps know—any of you?"

"I noticed that two or three men came to the car in a hurry like, sah," said the third chauffeur, a negro. "And I thinks she was some ve'y big car, sah, from the racket she made going away. She slip out ve'y sudden and ve'y fast and she have that boom-m-m-m you hears when dem Locomobiles and Pierces and McFarlans and Rollses moves."

"Yes, but what was she—you boys all know cars?" broke in the Major.

"I remember a big flash of nickel at the radiator as she went by," said the tall chauffeur, "and it was flat too—must have been an English car."

"Too big for a Roamer or a special radiator on some other car?"

"Yes, sir, she was as high as my Cadillac."

"Sure she wasn't a Packard or a new Buick?"

"Sure, sir, the nickel was too broad for either one of them, they're narrow at the top. And say, Major, I heard some talk I didn't understand. 'Twasn't French, but like French—I was in France, sir."

"Now we're hot," the Major almost shouted. Looking at his watch he wrote hurriedly on a pad of paper, handed it to an officer, and said, "Telephone that to the radio. Have them get it out on the 12:30 flash. You've just two minutes to catch it," and he snapped a nervously opened watch.

His point was that under the radio system recently put in use alarms of all kinds were broadcast from the various police centers in the east every half hour, so that the farthest flung members of that thin blue line that protects us all everywhere might listen in at these regular periods and catch the alarms.

All of the elaborate pretense of ease that the Major had maintained in order to avoid flustering the chauffeurs and thereby losing a precious half an hour in radioing the description of the dynamiter's car—for such he felt sure it was—all that softness and its accompanying mask of good-humor had been shed now that the main task of catching the 12:30 flash had been accomplished. In place of it came the grim nervousness natural to the strain of the situation and he plunged into the task of getting further information with a zip and a push meant to overcome any resistance.

Meanwhile there was going out from the big broadcasting station of the National Police Bureau in the resonant tones of Lieutenant Johnson the following:

"This is station NPB.—Code signal Baldface—Number Quince.

"To all stations and officers—Please relay on to all points reachable—

"Watch for and arrest for bomb attack on U. S. officials in Washington at noon occupants of large red touring car, black top up, heavy nickel radiator, probably an English car, probably speeding north to New York, if so should be north of Baltimore by now. Party of three, or four, speaking foreign language, probably Spanish. Likely to be dark complexioned men. License yellow with heavy black letters, probably New York City, number a high one. Watch for the car rather than license. Inquire all gas stations on all roads for such a car. Tires seem to be Kellys.

"Report at once any news to your district. Commanders please phone any word to U. S. Secret Service, Washington. Highly important international case. See newspapers. All radio listeners report this to nearest officer."

Under the appropriations and regulations made in the fall of 1924 by most of the eastern states following the lead that Congress took in the summer of that year at the time it passed the National Police Bureau Act, there wer

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on the air at that minute ready for the regular half-hourly flash of police alarms probably one-third of the radio fans within two hundred miles of Washington, besides most of the motorcycle, mounted and foot officers in the same radius. In addition every police station and sheriff's office in the eastern counties of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania and in the entire state of Delaware listened.

Back in the Blue Ridge, at Front Royal, the sheriff of Warren County, Virginia, had to throw out his quid of tobacco to give full attention to the call from Uncle Sam as it came in on his simple set. Down below the bear-haunted Dismal Swamp and back of the inlets of the North Carolina fishing coast the Chief of Police of Rocky Mount hurried out to set a man on the main southern road and to take his own post at the railway station of the Atlantic Coast Line.

In Harper's Ferry, W. Va., through which runs the Shenandoah Valley branch of the old National Road, the local radio expert who, under contract, took down all bulletins for the police, almost broke his neck racing down the step-like streets to headquarters. "Great work," he was told. The story was promptly relayed by phone to the West Virginia state police to the west on the main Shenandoah road. This organization alone of those within reach had no radio.

Across the river in Maryland and farther north near Hagerstown two Maryland state policemen, warming their coffee by the roadside as they listened for the 12:30 flash, were busy swearing at a Pittsburg police operator who kept interrupting his alarm for a stolen Cadillac with side conversation with some one beside him, bits of which the two men could hear. It was when they heard the announcer incautiously speak aloud, "Quit it, girlie!" that their disgust turned to Falstaffian laughter.

"Why, it's a chicken he's talking to," said the sergeant.

"Hey, what's that?" broke in his comrade.

"Some more of their tomfoolery, I guess," replied the sergeant, "sounds like it, anyway."

"Nope, it's the attention call from——"

"It's Washington!—something big's on, I'll bet."

"Hu-u-sh!"

And then there came over their little portable the story of the watch they must keep against the red and nickel English car.

"You go up the Pike to the crossroads and stay there, Jim," ordered the sergeant. "I'll go 'cross country to the Chambersburg road and watch it. Don't leave until you're relieved tonight. I'll telephone in for help soon as I get on the highway. Talk to all the gas stations and tell 'em they're out of gas for any big red cars with heavy nickel radiators. That'll hold 'em without a fight until they can 'phone for us. Now, mosey. See that your gun's O. K."

Baltimore Police Headquarters had been notified immediately after the explosion to hold any suspicious autos that seemed in haste and already its motorcycle men were standing alert at every strategic entrance to the city, while special squads were at Union, Camden and Mt. Royal stations and the terminus of the Interurban line from Washington going through all cars with eyes watchful for men or women of evil mien.

Officer Kinkead, holding the Harford road toward Belair where it shoots up and down hill after leaving broad North avenue at the car barn, was amazed to see a big touring car flash around the North avenue turn at a speed that threatened the lives of its own passengers as well as the folk on the crossing. It straightened out just in time to miss a north-bound car and before the officer could get his motorcycle into action the car had gone by him at a forty-mile clip at least.

Fast he shot into its wake, but now that it was in the straightaway the big car roared out a challenge to all creation. The officer's speedometer showed forty-five and then fifty miles as he picked up speed, but meanwhile the touring car was bouncing out of and into sight as it went up and down the hills at a gait that gave no heed to grades.

The motorcycle was not a fast one and on the hills it was not equal to doing the sixty-five he estimated the quarry was making.

There are few crossings in this section of the great highway to the north, however, and Officer Kinkead figured that he would eventually be able to overtake the fugitives on the more level road farther from the city and in the vicinity of the junction of two state roads at Belair.

"It's a great international crime," he repeated from what he had been told at the station on the noon turnout, "and sure I'm on the trail. I've got to get them." And he pressed down the accelerator until the little engine under him seemed like to burst.

Yet his heart sank as on two successive swoops over the crests of long hills he failed to catch sight of the quarry. Fords and Lincolns, Cadillacs and Buicks, Mack and Federal trucks, horses and buggies driven by negroes and many lesser vehicles had been left behind him in a long stream, so what was his astonishment when with a low breathing sound a heavy set touring car crowded with what looked to be a party of merrymakers ran up alongside him and one of the laughing party called across to him:

"Want to catch someone—we can do it for you."

His breath gone from his race into the wind and quite too surprised to make special effort to shout, the motorcycle officer only nodded.

"Back up, then," megaphoned the merry one through cupped hands, and the officer lifted his foot and put on a cautious brake to bring himself to a halt on the next hill. There he left his steel Pegasus leaning pantingly against a tree and stepped on the broad running-board of a car that came up with a resounding hum from its giant exhaust. Immediately there came a boom-m-m zoom-m-m as the gas poured into six big cylinders and the long car fairly stepped out ahead. The speedometer showed seventy at the first touch of down-grade and in a few moments the dancing figures of the tell-tale were showing 77-78-78½-78-78½-79 and then in a sudden burst of proud achievement, 80.

"Who you after?" shouted the leader who had first called to him.

In the gale of wind Kinkead could only drop a word into the by-rushing air and let it shoot back.

"A Victor," he blurted. He was not behind the windshield and could not get his face behind it, so crowded was the car. As he opened his mouth for that single gasp directed into the hurricane he was facing he had a flash of fancying himself expanded, blown up like a toy balloon by the inrushing air.

He was holding on with might and main he noticed, and he tasted the salt of a chill stream of tears on his lips. His eyes watered so he could scarcely see anything distinct and his khaki uniform, close-fitting as it was, was flapping about him. It made him think of pup-tents

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breaking loose in gales he remembered in France. Then he became aware of a strange thing. That crowd in the car was laughing—guffawing uproariously.

Angrily he straightened up, pulled his khaki tunic close, made sure of all its buttons, then jerked his cap from the tip-tilt of his harum-scarum jump onto this devil-wagon, to trim and military level. Then he looked around, but with brows close-scowled.

The sight was puzzling. These people had all sorts of strange instruments. Accordeons he hadn't seen since he had watched the blind beggars on Calvert street in his youth. Tin horns that blared "We're new, brand new." Rattles from some forgotten New Year's Eve. Long streamers of white.

"All brakes! quick now, we're almost on it!" he shouted, as a long white-washed fence came into sight stretching seemingly diagonally across the highway. The car was a marvel of control, for with foot and emergency steadily applied it pulled down to a steady fifteen miles within the space of a hundred yards.

"G'almighty—how'd you do that, mister?" called Kinkead across the slight breeze of this speed.

"Brakes on all ze wheels," was the smiling reply. This driver was unruffled after shooting hell-bent for perdition—for he could now see that the road down at the bottom of this lonesome cleft in the hills turned at a sharp left turn on the near side of a stone-walled bridge and

Broadcasting Room in New York Police Headquarters, which could be put into use in the fashion described in this story of 1925.

What was he doing out with a bunch of lunatics like that? And they were roaring, men and girls in imitation of a drunken song as they swayed back and forth, "Oh, he's going to arrest them, he's going to arrest them!"

He felt a sinking of spirits—it seemed like a physical sinking—why it was an actual dropping! What—why? He caught up his motor goggles from his pocket and snapped them on. His eyes un-blurring he found the reason. They were shooting head-first down the two-mile—"Danger!"—posted grade leading down into a canyon-like valley.

And they were going like the Congressional Limited on its levelest run!

"Stop him!" he called to the leader seated next to him. "Stop him! It's Dead Man's Bridge!"

The leader was a Baltimorean if the driver was not and the officer's cry meant something to him. He knew that the sharpest double turn in all that country lay just ahead. He cried out to the man at the wheel, and then the terrific pace began smoothly to slacken. Kinkead noted the speedometer circle sliding backward past 75—and uttered a prayer.

at a sharp right turn on its other side. They were angles such as a horse and buggy might make in comfort—if going slowly—but which would bother anything longer than a Ford. The white fence across the highway and the "Danger!" board that they had passed too swiftly to read were the only warnings.

And there was a gap in the white fence—a smashed, torn gap.

"There they are!" went up the shout from the carmen's and women's voices. "There's your Victor, officer!" called the leader. Tin horns began to blatt behind Kinkead. He looked around in astonishment. What did this purport?

And there, almost dead ahead, was the Victor car, sure enough, sloughed down in the muck of a river-bank, just the other side of the great hole in the fence. So they, too, had come down this long slide lickity-brindle—only they hadn't been able to stop. "No four-wheel brakes," Kinkead said to himself.

"There they are, officer, do your duty!" ordered the leader as the big car slowed down to a walk.

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A great shout went up from his companions. "They're pinched—they're pinched!" His fellow travellers danced around in glee as they descended from the now silent car. Kinkead scratched an ear.

"Say, what's all this to ye, anyway? Why should you be wanting to have them pinched?"

"Go on, officer," called a pretty girl—a lass entirely too pretty to suffer the objurgations Kinkead was tempted to call down on her red head. "Go on, officer, run 'em in."

"Yes, run 'em in, says you," answered the officer. "Don't ye know we're twenty miles out of Baltimore County and now I see it's only a speeding case? I haven't a smidgin of authority here—no more'n a rabbit."

Kinkead continued—"I'm no such fool as y' take me for. Don't I see already that these fugitives I've been chasing for a gr-reat international crime is nothing but a pair of newlyweds running away from you bunch of chari vari folks?

"Can't I see the bride there starting her honeymoon trying to help pull that car out of the mud just so she can escape your noise and your bum jokes? Sure, it's no wonder they turned North avenue corner on two wheels.

"I suppose you think the joke's on me and them, but let me tell you I'll be on the lookout for these two cars back in Baltimore and if either one of them so much as gives its speedometer a spin you'll find I've got authority there in speed cases."

"Long speech, officer," said the leader of the chari-vari party. "I must say you've got us sized up right. We thought it was kind of a lark to chase 'em after they got away from us in the Victor. But I don't know now. It's not so nice to have you watching for us all the time. And besides they've come pretty near getting killed, I guess."

"No guess about it—you can't run through fences like that without hurting something besides planks."

"Well we'll call the musical off. We were going to do an Indian dance around them. Pile your stuff there by the road," he said to his companions, "and we'll turn to and pull her out. Seven of us ought to do the trick with their help." Putting up his hands megaphone style he shouted down to the bogged pair below, "Hold on, George, we're coming."

George did not seem enthusiastic. He stepped behind the car out of his bride's sight and shook a trembling fist at the misguided friends who had gotten him into this scrape.

"You can see he's all in—nerve's gone," said Kinkead to the red-headed girl as they walked back along the road toward the break in the fence. "It'll be all we can do to pull him out even with that big car and all hands, I'm thinking. Guess I'll help, long as I'm here."

"Oh, we can't use the car—it isn't ours, you know."

"What?" cried Kinkead, "you mean we're out in this God-forsaken place without a car. Why, we'll never get 'em out."

He turned to stroll back the ten yards to the car. "I'll get them to stay and help," said he. But he got no further.

Even as he had started to speak the red car had begun to move forward. Then with a long droon of sound it shot flashing across the stone bridge.

The officer was quick enough to act. He started to run after them, calling as he went. The chari vari leader stopped him with outstretched hand.

"No use," he said, "I tried to get them to stay and help us, but the fellow said he was in a hurry. Had to go."

As he spoke the big car slowly negotiated the paint-marked turn at the far end of the bridge, turned tail to them, and then, with a zoom-m from an opened exhaust shot up the three-mile grade that led up out of the valley. Kinkead looked on in amazement as with a flash of red car and brilliant yellow license plate, his late companions vanished around the first curve.

"In a hurry?" he repeated. "I'll say he is. He's making those snake turns up there at over fifty right now. What's his rush—why couldn't he stay ten minutes and give these newlyweds a pull out of the ditch? Deuce of a hurry he's in, sure."

"Search me," said the Baltimorean, "but you hadn't any more than said you was chasing some kind of an international thief than he began to fidget and say 'Goo'-bye' to me. Must have said it ten times before I shook hands with him and let him go. It was awfully kind of him to take us up when we asked him to help us chase that Victor. But I guess he enjoyed it—seems to like driving fast and—— Why, what's the matter with you?"

Officer Kinkead evidently had not been hearing the last of the leader's words. His eyes were alternately watching up the long snake's track of a grade for the regularly recurrent glimpses of the red car as it came out on the curves and then leaping back to the down grade on which they stood in eager search for another car.

"Shucks, what's the use," he snapped irrelevantly. "There she goes over the top and out of all the cars that travel this road there ain't two in a day could keep up with that fellow, even if the drivers had the nerve."

"What are you talking about?" broke in the leader.

"Talking about a great international crime—and about me forgetting I'm a Baltimore policeman. You and your shivaree made me think I was just a plain kid again. I kinda forgot I wear this——" He fingered his uniform. "Whoops—that reminds me"—his watch flashed out in the sunlight. "Time for the flash—I'm a cop again now all right."

The puzzled leader sympathetically looked at his own timepiece. It was twelve-thirty.

"Lunch time?" he hazarded. Kinkead was getting something out of a small leather box at his belt.

"No, radio time," said the officer and sat down on a rock by the road, adjusting ear-phones the while.

"Pittsburg!" he sniffed. "Bah!"

Then his hand lifted. "Here it is," he shouted in his excitement. The red-headed girl, watching from down the road, saw his face twitch and grow red. With a quick call and a wave of her hand she brought the rest of her party fluttering up around Kinkead.

But Kinkead was unmindful. Mentally he was for the minute in the room with Lieutenant Johnson at the Police Bureau headquarters in Washington. The words he was hearing were the words of the official alarm, but what was really registering in the seared brain of the motor-cycle officer went something like this:

"Lieutenant Johnson speaking. You've had a chance to catch the greatest international criminals of the century. You've had them in your hands and you've never caught on. You've lost the greatest chance you'll ever get to win honors and promotion. You've not only lost them, but you've actually helped them in the getaway by letting them go north at eighty miles an hour."

(To be continued)

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The Quest for the

THE Race to find a Vanished Society Beauty Enlists the Great Lawyer, the Captain of the Missing Persons Bureau and the Private Investigator

Illustrated by Leo Kober

HYPNOTISM, Airplanes, Carrier Pigeons and Demands for Ransom Features of Hunt for Helen Edeson, Who Vanished

The Glowing Face of a Winter Sports Girl Was On the Cover

(Transcribed from the Records of the Missing Persons Bureau by Edward Luce)

MR. EDESON sat stunned. Captain Raye leaned over his shoulder pointing to the queer doggy signature on the magazine cover. And suddenly the Captain leaped anew.

"I know now—I thought there was something familiar about your collie, Bruce, out here today. That's his head, isn't it, in 'Shep's' signature?"

Mr. Edeson sadly nodded his head. "There's something in that. And when I come to think of it, this magazine came out only the day before Helen disappeared. You don't think——"

"No, I positively do not."

"Thank you, thank you for that, Captain—but what kind of man is this Schafer?"

"So far we know little about him, except one queer thing—he's an elderly man with a whitish beard. Not at all a man for even a romantic girl to have run off with."

"Yet she was with such a man in the drug store buying—oh, this is only making the mystery greater. What can be behind it?"

"That's to be found out; that's where the wall is blank. We must find the way over or around it."

"Ah, but you know where this man is—you will lead me to Helen?"

"Not yet—Schafer has vanished as if into thin air—we haven't a trace."

"Captain, listen to me. Is it money that's needed? If so I will beggar myself; if lack of money holds you back you can have any amount of expense. I place no limits."

"No, Mr. Edeson, money may be useful, but hard work will be the thing. I seldom make promises, but I do feel safe in saying to you that with this clew we should be able to find your daughter. Tracing one missing person is very difficult, but when we have two to look for the problem grows easier. Their lines must cross somewhere."

"We might have to search at every point of the compass for one missing person, but, given two who may have gone together, we should be able to get some definite notion of the direction in which to look for them. In this case I am, so far, inclined to look to the north. The only wish your daughter expressed, so far as I can learn, was to be with her friend in the Winter Sports at Placid.

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Magazine Cover Girl

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ONE of the unpublished stories of the Police Department deals with the sudden disappearance of Helen Edeson, a beautiful Montclair girl who vanished suddenly in Manhattan streets after telling her mother not to be surprised at anything. Judge Varney, a great corporation lawyer, reported the case to Captain Raye of the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters, after two private detective agencies and S. Holmes Foster, famous as the Private Investigator, had failed to find her.

Also it had developed that Foster's interest in the case arose from a romantic admiration for the missing girl. He believed hypnotists had kidnapped her. A current magazine had a cover picture remarkably like Helen and Captain Raye had his men use the cover in searching for her. He found that an aged white-bearded artist had disappeared from Brooklyn the same day as the girl; then he noticed that the signature on the painting was a collie's head with the word "Shep" on the collar.

Talking to Mr. Edeson in his fine Montclair home the Captain has just learned that the artist's name, Schafer, would be translated Shepherd in English and has decided that there is a connection between the two disappearances when this chapter opens.

So I sent a man in a machine up all the north roads and another to all the railway and steamship piers and the one in the machine is even now waving this magazine cover in front of the garage and gas-station proprietors and restaurant and hotel owners up north. If she went by auto we should be able to trace her."

"I am very glad you did it. That's quite a bill, isn't it? You must let me give you a check to cover expenses." He moved toward a desk only to be arrested by——

"Oh, your lawyer paid all those bills."

"My lawyer? You mean Judge Varney, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"That's strange—very strange. There was no need for him to pay. He's not my lawyer—only a friend of the family."

Not his lawyer! Here was food for the Captain's thought. After a minute he spoke with some warmth.

"Be seated again, won't you, Mr. Edeson. What you have just said makes some new explanation necessary. Unless I am much mistaken about men—and I have had a bit of experience with them—Judge Varney is taking more than a friend's interest in this affair. To begin with, he guaranteed any expense we might go to. Also, he is not a man who would leave his office and go to Police Headquarters on some errand in which he was not personally interested."

"Why, I asked him to report the case to you," said Mr. Edeson as his wife, exhausted by the scene, left the room.

"Yes, but he could have sent one of his clerks," pursued the Captain. "There's more to it than that. I ask you frankly, what is it? If we are to work intelligently on the case——"

An insistent ringing of the doorbell interrupted him. When it was over and a servant could be heard going to the door, Mr. Edeson spoke:

"That question involves certain possibilities. It seems likely that Judge Varney knows more than we do."

Interrupting himself to hear an entering servant's report, he asked, "Who is it, Jackson?"

"Mr. Morton, sir, asking for Miss Helen."

"Well, captain, the answer to your question seems to be marching in. Here comes Judge Varney's son, who can explain it if anyone can."

GREETINGS and introductions over, Morton Varney addressed himself directly to Mr. Edeson.

"I asked for Miss Helen, Mr. Edeson, and they showed me in here and said I should speak to you. As I see by the light in her room that she is at home I can only guess that she is ill or that some fancied barrier has arisen between her and me. She has not answered my last two letters and I came up from Princeton this afternoon to see her."

"Morton, you are wrong both ways. Helen is away from home, she has been away since the first, and we don't expect her back until Christmas, when you lads come up for vacation. It was I who turned on the lights in her room."

Obviously relieved, the young man returned, "Oh, then, that's all right, sir. It worried me not to get any answers to two letters when she had been writing to me practically every day since———why, ever since I went back to college."

An inquiring look from father to detective. An emphatic nod from detective to father. Then Mr. Edeson:

"Morton, you know Mrs. Edeson and I like you, so you can understand there's no inimical motive behind my asking you why you hesitated just now in speaking of the time you were here at Thanksgiving?"

The youth dropped back in his chair, thoughtful. Captain Raye strolled to the far end of an adjoining room.

"Well," explained Morton Varney, "I expected to tell you after Christmas, so I may as well do it now. Briefly, I love Helen. I don't suppose I am telling you anything you haven't guessed, but this next may be new to you—I don't know. I proposed to her when you entertained me after the football game and she—well, she seemed to care for me, but to be loath to think of parting from her mother and you—or even of partly parting from you—for I should have no idea of taking her anywhere away from here. At all events she promised me her answer at Christmas vacation."

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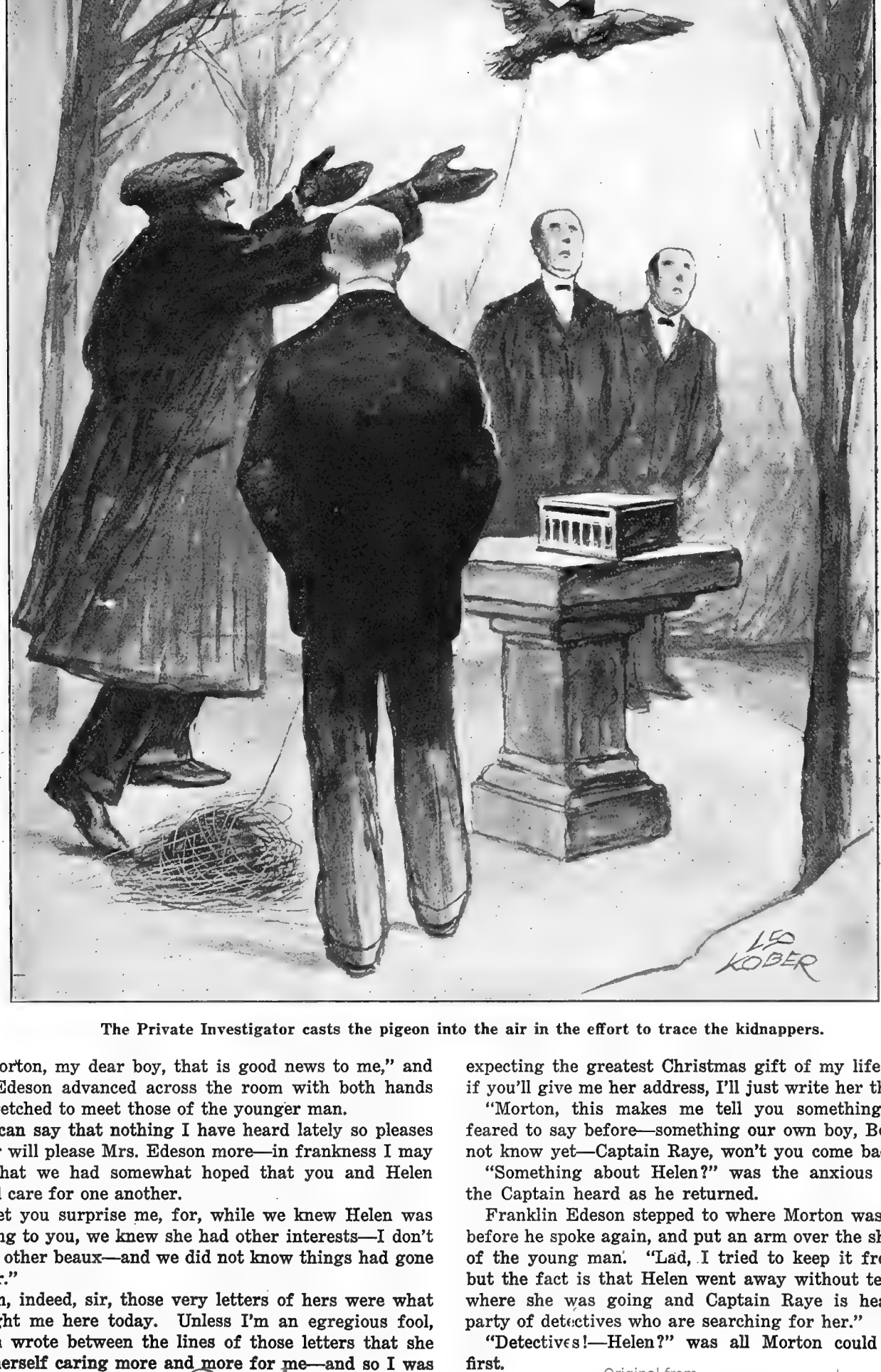

The Private Investigator casts the pigeon into the air in the effort to trace the kidnappers.

"Morton, my dear boy, that is good news to me," and Mr. Edeson advanced across the room with both hands outstretched to meet those of the younger man.

"I can say that nothing I have heard lately so pleases me or will please Mrs. Edeson more—in frankness I may say that we had somewhat hoped that you and Helen would care for one another.

"Yet you surprise me, for, while we knew Helen was writing to you, we knew she had other interests—I don't mean other beaux—and we did not know things had gone so far."

"Oh, indeed, sir, those very letters of hers were what brought me here today. Unless I'm an egregious fool, Helen wrote between the lines of those letters that she felt herself caring more and more for me—and so I was expecting the greatest Christmas gift of my life. Now, if you'll give me her address, I'll just write her there."

"Morton, this makes me tell you something I had feared to say before—something our own boy, Bob, does not know yet—Captain Raye, won't you come back?"

"Something about Helen?" was the anxious inquiry the Captain heard as he returned.

Franklin Edeson stepped to where Morton was sitting before he spoke again, and put an arm over the shoulders of the young man. "Lad, I tried to keep it from you, but the fact is that Helen went away without telling us where she was going and Captain Raye is heading a party of detectives who are searching for her."

"Detectives!—Helen?" was all Morton could say at first.

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In that way was the senior Varney's activity fully explained. He had known of his boy's interest in Helen Edeson and had made every effort to get her back before his son should hear of her absence. As he rode back in the train to the city that night Captain Raye thought to himself that he could not remember a harder job than he had had in preventing young Varney from joining the searchers as a volunteer on the instant. The Captain felt pretty sure that if he had merely mentioned the Schafer matter the youthful swain would have become a detective on the spot, willy nilly. As it was, the Captain had gotten away unaccompanied only by promising to wire for young Varney the instant he had a definite clew to Helen's whereabouts.

JUDGE VARNEY was deep in thought when the Private Investigator was announced the next morning. As Foster entered there flashed into the Judge's mind the picture of a race. Foster seemed to him to symbolize the starter that had taken the early lead yet seemed in danger of losing it. The field seemed to be gaining on him as the judge pictured it—the field of bluecoated racers.

It was therefore with something of a sense that he should spur this one-time leader to renewed effort that he spoke.

"Holmes," said he, "I hope you have something new, because the police are getting active and have some clews. If you are to beat them——"

"Are the clews good ones, that's the question. This race is to the spry, not to the heavy of foot."

"Don't be too sure," was the response, "remember the hare and the tortoise. Don't you enlist under the emblem of the hare.

"The police may be tortoises but they have found in two days more apparently valuable clews than you have in a week. This is the first time in all your work for me that you have seemed to let anyone get ahead of you."

Here Judge Varney plumped a heavy shot right at the Private Investigator. "Is this difference in you due to the fact that in the other cases you have been able to take an impersonal attitude while in this one you are personally interested—and can't see straight for that reason?"

"No, judge, that's all wrong. I'm more keenly interested in this affair than I ever was in any international investigation—so that surely doesn't count against me. As for the police getting ahead, just wait until to-morrow night. You remember the old white-whiskered hypnotism faker I told you of yesterday?"

"Yes, although I give no credit to this hypnotism theory."

"Well, he is billed for to-morrow at Patchogue, and if Miss Helen is with him we'll land them both on the spot."

"I can tell you now that this is crazy," the Judge returned. "I know Helen Edeson and you do not. I tell you it is inconceivable that she should be mixed in any such shabby business as traipsing around the country with a hypnotism faker.

"Further, let me give you some facts that the police have uncovered. If you will let your obsession about hypnotism drop and listen to these clews you may do something big in this case. I pray you may, so I am going to insist on your listening at least.

"In the first place, there seems every likelihood that Miss Helen must have gone northward."

"Oh, yes, I knew she should be expected to trend to the north, but unfortunately for that theory there isn't a trace of her to be found on any of the north roads or on the railways either. Such a beautiful girl would have been noticed somewhere. The detective agencies and my man all worked on that lead, but we got nowhere. So there isn't any real indication that she went north."

"Well, the police are also practically certain that Helen was the original of that magazine cover. The old artist who did it used the head of one of her dogs in his signature. That makes a clear connection, doesn't it?"

"Certainly, but as I told you yesterday, he's a perfectly respectable old chap—one who never would be mixed up in a kidnapping. I had him looked up a week ago. And of course an elopement is out of the question—the man is sixty-five or so."

"Then what would you make of it if it proved he and Miss Helen had disappeared together—or at least the same day, and that they were supposed to have been seen together that day preparing for travel?"

"Has he really disappeared? The neighbors said he drove away with a Turk or something like that a day or two before we got there. Anyway, just wait until I round up the hypnotist to-morrow night. Then there won't be any questions to ask."

THE hall in Patchogue was just off the Merrick Road. At the rear of stage entrance Foster stationed two men. He himself took post at the front door. There stood beside him this time a tall, bony man whose eyes shone with unusual brilliance. He joked gently about this town of oysters and lace and ducks and freak motor cars as he watched the nightly truck caravan of toothsome duckling and juicy oysters being made up on the main street. He speculated amiably as to how many of the barrels of oysters had wet centers and he waved a jolly hand at the queerest of the bug-like special roadsters for which Patchogue is noted all along the farther reaches of Long Island.

He was Wilkinson, who had been a Warwick to many men and by his wizardry of publicity had raised several statesmen to heights to which he might never aspire himself. Perhaps he took too light a view of life and his own relations to it. Certainly he could not take himself and mere advancement so seriously as did most of those whom he squired.

Here, on this errand that to Foster was all in all, Wilkinson, who had made Foster famous not alone by clever publicity, but by putting his newspaper-trained mind to work reinforcing the ferret-like intelligence of Foster, was looking on with a tolerant but jocular eye. This was the famous Wilkinson of the Sunday Dispatch—the man who as Sunday editor had made sensation and circulation keep step together. While Wilkinson amused himself, Foster, grim with purpose, watched keenly for any sign of the elusive Hastings.

But it was the smiling showman of the Sunday prints, Wilkinson, who first spotted their quarry. He nudged Foster and with a glance, indicated an elderly, pompous man in one of those Prince Alberts that are still extant in the back country and the movies. There was no mistaking this figure of an old stager of the lecture platform. He was walking along the other side of the Merrick Road, evidently waiting for opportunity to get across through the press of traffic. Even through the kaleidoscopic movement of cars it could be seen he was alone.

Foster's heart sank. Where was Helen? Was she not

(Continued on page 50)

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The Battle for Traffic Regulation

The Clash at the Opera House

High-Tide in the Establishing of Traffic Rules Comes at the Metropolitan

By Chief City Magistrate WILLIAM McADOO Formerly Police Commissioner

FOLLOWING our struggles in installing a real system of traffic control in Manhattan, we moved on Brooklyn to the square in which is situated the Borough Hall. We roped in the asphalt all around the public buildings using the principles outlined in the preceding article and placed in charge over there a very excellent officer who is still on the force.

I expected then that there would be interference by the courts and I was not disappointed. I was so sure that we would hear from them that my instructions to the officers in charge were not to make any arrest on a charge of violating the police regulations which I, as Commissioner, had laid down.

If anyone attempted to break through he was to be charged with disorderly conduct. By this I hoped to avoid falling afoul of any strict constructionist of the law.

The instructions, however, miscarried. A well-known citizen of Brooklyn, in order to make a test case, drove his buggy through the ropes and was taken into custody on a charge of violating traffic regulations. He was thereby enabled to take the matter to the Supreme Court, where we were sternly rebuked. We were told we had no right to regulate the use of the streets. So sweeping was the decision that I had to beg for additional legislation at the next session of the legislature. Fortunately it was passed.

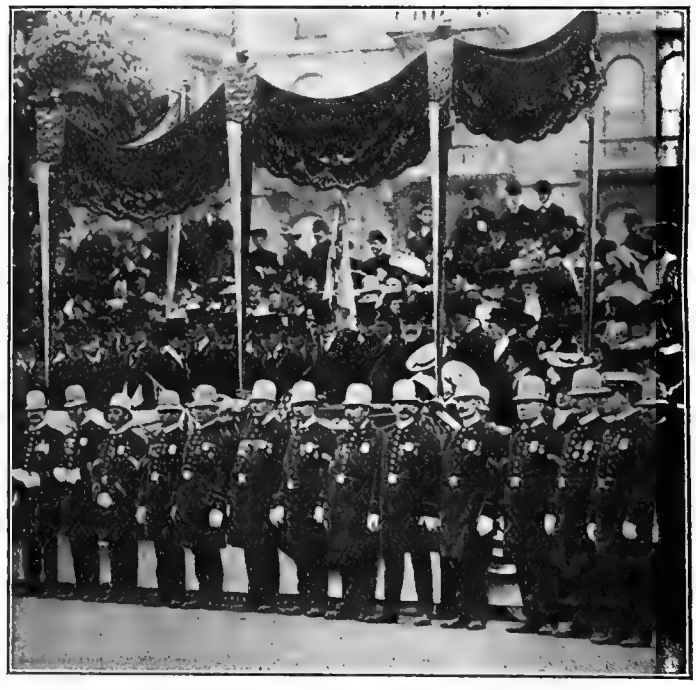
We did not give up the work in Brooklyn because I could not in good conscience withdraw the protection, especially for women and children in that terribly congested locality with so many car tracks and such a vast number of vehicles.

THOUGH by now well accustomed to opposition, we were to be surprised by the storm that broke over our heads when we undertook to regulate the coming and going of the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House. It surpassed anything we had undergone. This was the first attempt to control anything of that kind in the theatrical district.

Inspector O'Brien and I worked for days over the problem, going over the ground carefully time after time. When we had the plan ready I consulted with Mr. Conried, then the opera manager. He said he would speak to the trustees, but expressed the opinion that our regulations could be carried out only at the cost of serious inconvenience to the opera patrons. He seemed unable to conceive that we would think of troubling people of such high position.

The directors of the opera went further. They were positive in their assertion that if we attempted to carry out our proposed rules they might as well close up the house.

Last month Magistrate McAdoo told of the birth of the Traffic Squad and the struggle involved in establishing rules for use of the streets.



Honor men in front of police parade grand stand in the days of the uniforms Magistrate McAdoo describes.

After long argument we found we could not reconcile them to any agreement on the matter. Mindful of the positions in the life of the city held by the opera's patrons, the directors apparently thought we would give way rather than antagonize such influential people.

However, we were convinced not only that we were right, and that regulation was necessary, but also that our plan would be a success. So I gave orders for a first night's enforcement. This act had the flavor of giving orders for a battle—a conflict between entrenched privilege as represented by the best of New York society, and these minions of the law.

The newspapers, expecting a failure of the reform, and possibly some excitement, sent a great number of reporters to the Opera House on the evening of the opening engagement. They buzzed around us like war-correspondents.

Following rules that still obtain, we compelled arriving carriages and motor cars, which were then coming

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into use, to make a circuit through Seventh Avenue. One line of vehicles headed south on the west side of Broadway was intended for those who had no private conveyances, and employed public ones. Here were gathered the horse-cabs and hansoms of that day.

The arrival moved fairly well and there was little confusion—but it was merely a prologue to the big scene. That was the general opinion, and we looked forward to the end of the performance in the spirit of men waiting a deluge.

Never in my life have I spent such an unpleasant evening as I did awaiting the outcome of that audience. More especially was I nervous because I knew the whole atmosphere was unfriendly and that even the bystanders and reporters who were watching us were hoping for a failure.

THE first call for a public conveyance came from a man and his wife and Vehicle No. 1—that is the first one in line—started down to pick them up. When it came opposite the sidewalk awning it proved to be one of the most shabby, wretched, dirty, and rickety looking carriages I have ever seen. The couple refused it and our critics guffawed. I believe I personally ordered the man to drive to the river and dump that rig in and in any event never to come back in the opera line. The second conveyance proved much better and was acceptable.

And right then, with just this trifling improvement in a carriage as an excuse, our troubles came to an end. The smooth running of the machine from that time on astonished our critics. The battle was over before it began. The opera management admitted that we were vindicated.

Never before had there been such a speedy and orderly discharge of an audience from that famous auditorium. This was the high-tide of our success.

AFTER that we ventured farther into the theatre district and undertook to wrestle with the problem of making it safer for pedestrians to cross from the east side of Broadway and Seventh Avenue to the newly opened Hotel Astor and other buildings on the west side. This yet remains one of the most difficult crossings in New York.

We stopped vehicles going east or west from crossing on streets in that square and, as in other places, compelled them to take the roundabout way.

At one time we were seriously considering whether or not a tunnel for pedestrians could not be sunk under the criss-crossing surface tracks. Sometime in the future if the surface tracks are entirely taken up and a bus service is established at Times Square conditions may be bettered. But the interlacing cartracks and the width of the square make it a very difficult problem.

I have known persons who found themselves a few blocks from there on the east side to call a taxicab in order to get across to theatres or hotels on the west side. With to-day's growing congestion the difficulties at the north end of the square are increasing. The subway entrance tunnels crossing under Broadway, Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street have helped things at the south end.

ABOUT this time the motorcycle came into public notice and we immediately bought a couple, being probably the first wholesale purchasers of what are today common machines.

All this while the Traffic Squad had been growing in numbers and the mounted men had been our principal reliance for densely congested horse-drawn vehicular traffic and in the parks. Now we began to substitute motorcycle officers in the parks and such places as Riverside Drive. The mounted men were gradually sent into the remoter parts of the city, as were also the bicycle men. This involved an uphill struggle, as two years passed before we won public approval of the changes.

The first to surrender among those whom we might call our enemies in this general battle for traffic regulation were the drivers of horses themselves. They soon realized that we were really thir best friends.

It is no exaggeration to say that if something had not been done at that time on the scale on which this reform was carried out, vehicular traffic in Manhattan would have tied itself into knots and the streets would have become impassable. Prior to this change Americans used to come back from such cities as London and look at our streets in humiliation and shame.

Just about the time I was considering whether or not I would take the office of Police Commissioner, a well-known public man made a speech in which he said that the most impressive thing he saw in Europe was the authoritative uplifted hand of the London policeman. Within probably a year from that time, and certainly before I left office at least, the uplifted hand of the New York policeman was equally if not more potent.

WHEN motor cars became fairly common there were many citizens, some of them quite prominent, who took the ground that such contrivances should by law be kept off the streets.

It was argued that they were too dangerous to be allowed to operate, and one gentleman of distinction headed an organization for the purpose of really having them barred from the city. He came to see me frequently. He was especially anxious that their drivers should be arrested so frequently on Riverside Drive as to keep them away from there. He actually complained because the uniform of the men on bicycles made them too easily observed by motorists.

All this seems very bizarre now and a generation that has grown up with the motor car will probably have difficulty in believing it. However, it was very serious business with us.

I told the man who opposed motors on the Drive, and I repeat it now, that if I had had sufficient men I would have covered every crossing during all of the day and part of the night with men so conspicuously uniformed that they could be seen blocks away.

At night especially would I be inclined to put lights on their hats for the reason that when a long string of policemen is in sight, drivers will not overspeed. Or if they do speed a little it will be in between streets where it does not usually endanger the pedestrian.

I HAVE no hesitation in standing by the change we made in uniforms in the direction of making them more practical, more military and more easily recognized.

When I became Commissioner all the police, including the men on horseback, wore big felt helmets. It was not

(*Continued on page* 71)

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Enright and His Army

Characteristics That Made Him "Dick" Raised Him to the Highest Police Rank

(Reprinted from Cresswell McLaughlin's Schoolmaster)

IT was because the boys called him "Dick" that he became Commissioner of Police. He had been faithful over a few things and they made him ruler over many things—most of them human. He was called "Dick" because his companions loved him and he arose from the ranks by virtue of personal merit proven by many years of honorable service.

He waited long for his reward but it never discouraged him. He believed in the force. He championed the police department as a vital institution that must be built up and sustained by the men who made it. For many years he was a modest fighter in the ranks. He is now the chief police officer in the world.

His actual reward, however, is the sterling affection of his associates and the unchallenged esteem of the citizens of New York.

Commissioner Enright was the lion of the force. Not because of any extraordinary ferocity, but in recognition of his acknowledged leadership, his comradeship, and, over all, his invincible integrity toward his friends.

He is posssessed of those admirable qualities of character which are the attributes of a thoroughbred American: Loyalty to the Government—the courage of true patience—an unerring discrimination in his judgment of men and an everlasting faith in the nobler instincts of his fellow citizens—without which no man can lead an army or a police force in a democracy under the protection of the American flag.

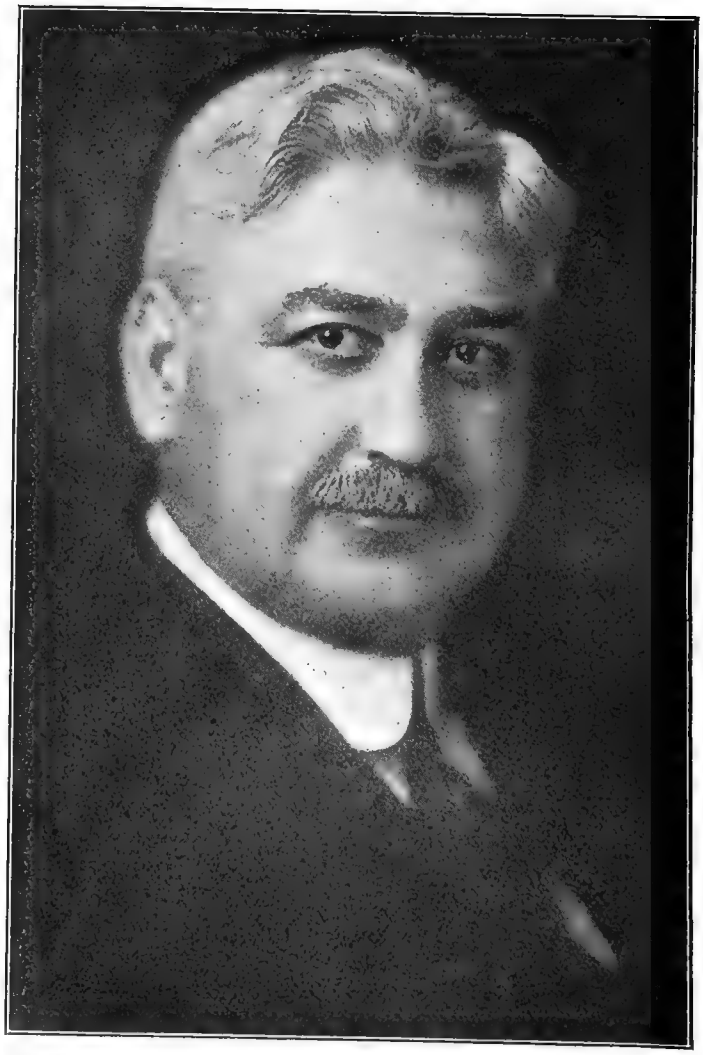
He understands the meaning of liberty and knows the constant perils of a fearless people who live in careless freedom upon a bombshell without knowing it. The periodical indisposition of Mount Etna has nothing on the perfectly human and delightfully irresponsible peculiarities of the people of the City of New York—a population organized into a civic mosaic out of the cosmopolitan inhabitants of the globe.

And yet New York is not only the greatest, but it is the cleanest and the safest city in the whole world.

There is no conspiracy between Commissioner Enright and the daily press. The most powerful telescopes of Manhattan and its minutest microscopes are perpetually focussed upon the force. In the esteem of some misguided editors it is impossible that there should be any virtue in a policeman.

Everything is published to the limit of human imagination and alarm by sensational editors whose very lives and homes are protected night and day and toward whom is expressed a uniform courtesy more than to other men, and for whom is experienced a toleration not to be found in the Scriptures even in the legendary patience of Job.

And when editors fail to educate the people about their responsibilities as citizens in respect to the law, and when they flood the city with a tidal-wave of disobedience manufactured out of their own industry, how often they endeavor to escape accountability by wholesale denounciation of the police department. Thus they encourage every crook on Manhattan Island and its environment to break loose, practically informing the criminal world that there is no law.



Richard E. Enright

Some twelve thousand policemen and Commissioner Enright are responsible for six million people augmented daily by additional millions from outside.

You cannot begin to conceive of the job the Commissioner must handle until the mind is concentrated upon the details of the occupation: Overhead railroads, underground railroads, ferries in all directions, automobiles flying faster than the sportsman's watch: mighty buildings each housing whole cities bigger than Newburgh or Poughkeepsie; stupendous commerce, crowded factories, banking institutions full of money standing like beehives on every side,—a population rushing in all directions like the contending armies at an ant hill,—

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rushing above, rushing beneath—over railroads, over bridges, swarming steamships—a living, acting, pressing, marvelously disciplined mass of human beings—legion upon legion—vital and determined because they are free:—all races, all colors, all characters, from the holy man of God to the malignant fiend of hell:—the lame, the lunatic, and the blind. And through this maze, creeping, and searching, and dazed, come the bewildered nations of Europe looking for a foothold and a chance.

Into this labyrinthian human puzzle we must look deeply before we condemn the constabulary—the small army of police which directs the game and keeps it under a phenomenal control.

Rain, hail and snow, and the sweeping winds of winter. The guardians are on their posts. The treachery of the city's streets and the mad haste of its business. It is a battlefield. Here the weak are protected against the strong, the mother is escorted over the dead-line and the child is carried in the policeman's arms.

Who can paint this metropolitan picture and crowd the canvas with its kaleidoscopic scenes? A man must have vision to see New York. Yet all these impressions must be etched upon the mind before we begin to realize the personal liability of the Police Commissioner of Greater New York. And this should be the basis of reasonable judgment before criticism unjust and calumny unwarranted and unfair attempts to hold up the police force to public ridicule, condemnation and scorn.

This is the task of Commissioner Enright and his twelve thousand trained men. The job is stupendous and could not be handled by any other army in the universe. These men are entitled to encouragement and praise. No unprejudiced enlightened mind will give them any other award. It is no spectacular conflict in which these policemen are engaged. They are forever on the Hindenburg line holding in check the passions of mankind.

We doubt very much if twelve thousand preachers and reformers placed in the same position, in the same place, and subjected to the same temptations, would be any better than these officers of the law, or any bishop better than Enright. And we trust it will not be considered an unjust indictment of our great moral forces if we predicted that they would be a damned sight worse.

So many careless millionaires, so many irresponsible women wearing most enticing jewelry, so many conscientious objectors to the Eighteenth Commandment: so much affluence, so much poverty; so much hope, so much despair; so much music and so much misery—the heart bursting with irrepressible joy and breaking with inconsolable sorrow. Genius reaching its apotheosis in the glory of engineering and architecture, the challenging abandonment of colossal wealth scattered through the streets and across the sky to show us the conquest of industry and ambition in this paragon age of daring thrift! And over this dominion—this Elysium and this Babylon—this paradise and this hell, presides an enlightened Commissioner of Public Safety—Richard E. Enright, commanding his army of only twelve thousand men.

Finding a Burglar's Peers

By Thomas J. Tunney, Retired Captain

Rufus Perry, a colored attorney practicing in the Courts of Brooklyn, appearing for a white man named Curtis who had been indicted and who had pleaded guilty to burglary, stated to the County Court Judge, "I have just been retained, your Honor, to represent the defendant and I made a motion to withdraw his plea of Guilty and plead Not Guilty."

The Court: Motion granted.

Counsel: Your Honor, I also make another motion that my client, the defendant, be tried by a jury of his peers and by that I mean, your Honor, exactly what I say, peers as defined in Webster's and the Standard dictionaries, with whom the learned Court will agree means 'Equals.' Therefore I demand, your Honor, that this defendant be tried by twelve burglars, as he is a burglar.

The Court: Should I grant your motion, where can we get those qualified jurors?

Counsel: If your Honor grants my motion and just adjourn this case for 24 hours I guarantee I will produce one thousand jurymen fully qualified to hear this case and determine the guilt or innocence of this defendant.

The Court: Motion denied.

A Prospective Candidate

By Lieut. James S. Leith, Thirty-eighth Precinct

About three o'clock in the morning an excited woman entered a police station, hatless, clad in a house wrapper and with hair badly disheveled. Approaching the desk, she shouted to the startled Lieutenant, at the top of her voice:

"I want an application!"

"What do you want an application for?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I want an application to put me brother on the cops. I can't do anything with him, he drinks and he won't work."

"Under the circumstances," said the Lieutenant, "don't you believe it would be a good idea to put the cops on *him?*"

"No, I don't," she replied, "I want to put him on the cops."

The Lieutenant then explained that notwithstanding the qualifications mentioned, the brother in question would have to file his appplication personally with the Municipal Civil Service Commission in the Municipal Building.

But the woman remained unsatisfied with this explanation. She started for the door, and when she reached it she turned and shouted:

"I can't get him out of bed. I'll go down there in the morning meself. I'll get an application and I'll put him on the cops."

Traffic Talks

In the scientific regulation of traffic, the first and most important step is the education of those to be regulated. If this principle is followed, the work of the police will be that of prompters and assistants of the individuals, rather than that of enforcers of regulations. Drivers and pedestrians, once they know their rights, will themselves become the real regualtors, as they will resent infraction of those few—a constantly diminishing number—attempting to override the rights of others.

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Selling Safety to the Millions

To Make People Think Is the Object of a Bureau of Safety Specialists in the New York Police Department

By BARRON COLLIER, Special Deputy Police Commissioner

A Crowning Achievement

THE crowning achievement of the campaign described in this article was the splendid Safety Parade of Saturday, May 17, that is illustrated on the opposite page. In that great march of 6,000 men, women and children with about fifty floats and as many bands, all of which cost the city not a penny, Commissioner Collier and his assistants of the Public Safety Bureau covered themselves with glory. The pageant was diversified, original in designing, interesting throughout, finely staged, dramatic, and, above all, so impressive that beholders necessarily turned away thinking Safety First.

WITH every one of New York's uniformed policemen cooperating with the Bureau of Public Safety in its effort to make the streets of this city safe, there is still an appalling record of deaths and injuries monthly due to street accidents.

The explanation lies in the fact that safety is a *personal* matter—an individual state of mind—a condition over which the citizen himself exerts the greatest degree of control.

Therefore, the work of the Bureau of Public Safety, inaugurated little more than a year ago to meet the terrible condition of affairs on the streets of New York, was and is primarily a work of education.

There is an old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." It is equally true applied to any mass of human beings. You may legislate, fine, imprison as you will, but real headway will never be made in the fight for safety on the streets until people have been educated to the point of "safety consciousness."

It is to this work of mass education that the Bureau's efforts are directed. People are being educated to recognize the fact that carelessness, the blanket name for the cause of all accidents, is in reality nothing more than thoughtlessness. Therefore the whole work of the Bureau is concentrated on one objective—to make people THINK!

SINCE mass education is the real problem confronting the Bureau, the most practical, powerful force possible to use in its accomplishment has been harnessed for that purpose. That force is advertising.

Through newspapers, billboards, car cards, theatre programs, exhibits, lectures, rallies—in every way that the mass can be reached, the doc[illegible]e of safety, carefulness, thoughtfulness is being dr[illegible]nto the minds of New York's millions every day. [illegible] decreasing reports of deaths and injuries each mo[illegible]ove that the Bureau's original analysis of the condit[illegible]nd its prescription for that condition's cure were righ[illegible]

There is still an awful total each monti[illegible]out each

(*Continued on page* 36)

A Romance of Business

TO the thousands of schoolboys who marched in the Public Safety Parade on Saturday afternoon, May 17th, and to thousands upon thousands of those who lined the sidewalks of Fifth avenue as spectators, the knowledge that that kindly gentleman, prematurely gray of hair, who marched at the head of the column started his business career as a messenger boy, should prove a source of inspiration.

Barron Collier has achieved a high place. He is Special Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Public Safety; President of Barron G. Collier, Inc.; President of the Street Railways Advertising Company; Vice-president of the Boy Scout Foundation; the founder and father of Collier County, Florida; Treasurer of the American Electric Railway Association; a trustee of Flower Hospital; Director of half a dozen banks and of a full score of institutions in America and abroad—and all of his success is the result of an unswerving adherence to the ideals of his boyhood.

His career, from messenger boy to president of one of the largest and most far-reaching advertising organizations in the world, is an object lesson in the doctrine of service. As a stripling youth he convinced the city fathers of his native city, Memphis, Tennessee, that his were the best hands in which to place the trust of lighting the city's street lamps. When scarcely sixteen he had conceived and was developing the idea of transforming otherwise useless street car space into an advertising medium. When the government needed aid during the war he was among the first in the field to place his immense advertising resources at the disposal of his country for the innumerable war-time drives.

In keeping with his past achievements his work as head of the Bureau of Public Safety of the Police Department is still dedicated to high principles of service—to make the streets of New York City safe for pedestrian and motorist alike.

The Safety Parade of May 17th—Public Safety Day—illustrated on the opposite page, while quite the greatest thing of its kind ever done, was but another step—visualizing the causes of street accidents and their results in loss of life and injuries—teaching the vital principle of accident prevention—CAREFULNESS.

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Features of Great Safety Parade

Photos of Goat and Jay Walker Being Bumped by P. & A. Others Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

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(*Continued from page* 34)

month sees that total reduced—even in the face of enormous increases in both population and the number of registered automobiles. Gradually effective advertising is accomplishing the purpose of the Bureau.

That is a short summary of the condition and the means of its correction. Of far greater interest is the method by which that means is made effective. To present the scheme more fully, it is necessary to revert to the Bureau's original research and cite some of the facts which it disclosed.

FOR years, accidents resulting in serious injury and death, had increased. What was the cause? Why had the great effort made to correct the condition fallen short of substantial accomplishment? With the proper answer to these two questions, the Bureau would be standing on solid ground. Study showed that both answers were simple—even obvious. People were not "safety conscious," and the efforts to make them so had been lost in a sea of vague generalities. "Watch Your Step!" "Be Careful!" "Better Be Safe Than Sorry!" etc., were the warnings issued the people, but—

"Watch Your Step!"—WHERE?

"Be Careful!"—of WHAT?

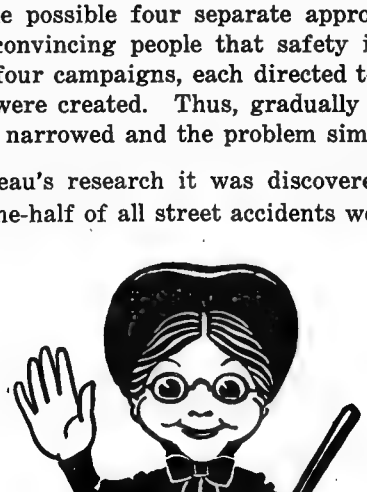
"Better Be Safe Than Sorry!"—HOW?

That, it seemed, was the weakness of the earlier safety effort. It was well enough for warnings to be issued, but those warnings, to be really effective, should have been aimed at some *specific* act of carelessness rather than at carelessness in general.

If dissecting carelessness into its many phases and attacking each phase in turn was the correct procedure, why shouldn't the same system be applied to the mass of individuals who made up the city's millions? By so doing, further concentration would be possible.

Consequently the city's millions were divided into four groups: Motorists, Pedestrians, Parents, Children. This division made possible four separate approaches to the problem of convincing people that safety is a personal matter, and four campaigns, each directed toward one of the groups, were created. Thus, gradually and steadily, the field was narrowed and the problem simplified.

IN the Bureau's research it was discovered that practically one-half of all street accidents were the result



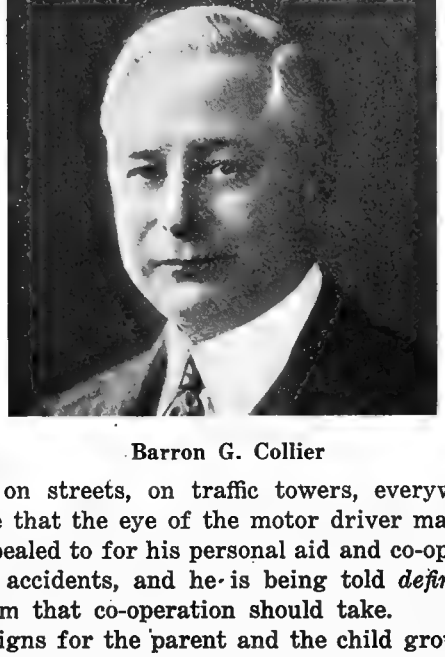
The Safety Bureau's Emblem

of carelessness in crossing streets—"Jay-Walking." Obviously this was the first thing to fight.

To carry the messages of warning against this practice, a quaint character, Aunty J. Walker, was created and put to work. Her smiling face and her kindly yet positive admonitions, backed up as they were by the authority of her uniform and policeman's club, created immediate interest.

Aunty J. Walker "went after" jay-walkers, and she went after them hammer and tongs. It is interesting to know that within a few months after her creation in New York she made her appearance in more than eighty other cities in the United States. People everywhere read what she had to say, and records soon indicated that they gave these sayings serious consideration.

To reach the motorists and the professional taxi-cab and motor truck drivers, the campaign of educational advertising is coupled with the personal efforts of a corps of safety experts who lecture in garages, halls, theatres and other places where members of this group can be assembled. Striking posters are being placed in



Barron G. Collier

garages, on streets, on traffic towers, everywhere and anywhere that the eye of the motor driver may wander. He is appealed to for his personal aid and co-operation in reducing accidents, and he is being told *definitely* just what form that co-operation should take.

Campaigns for the parent and the child groups are at once much simpler and at the same time more involved. For the parent, every effort is being made to show that, of all persons, the parent is chiefly responsible for the safety of the child. Home training, it is pointed out, is the needed thing. And the same warning which places this realization of responsibility upon the parent tells definitely HOW the parent can best meet that responsibility. There is nothing vague—nothing uncertain about it. Definiteness is the keynote of the whole effort.

CHILDREN are the chief sufferers from street accidents. Children are thoughtless, carefree. To get to the child, the co-operation of the Board of Education was necessary. This is being given gladly, whole-heartedly, and work of the most effective kind is now being carried on by and among the children themselves.

Through stories, intimate talks, competitions and rewards, the child is made an active member of the working forces of the Bureau. He is working for the safety of others, as well as of himself. He is being trained to think safety—and that is the chief objective of the whole safety effort.

Behind it all is a Bureau of thirty men, each a specialist in some branch of safety work, planning, organizing, executing—constantly hammering safety and the means for safety into the minds of the people.

Safety education is a Titan task. But it can and must be accomplished.

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New York Loses "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy

Retired Policeman Who Rode a Bicycle the Fastest Any Man Ever Did, Goes to California

NEW YORK has lost one of its most picturesque police characters. Charles M. Murphy and his wife have given up their home in Jamaica and have sailed on the American liner Finland for California, where they will live in the future. Mr. Murphy is a former policeman who was retired seven years ago because of injuries received in the line of duty.

Twenty-five years ago nearly everyone was riding around on bicycles and bicycle races were great sporting events. Every Sunday the roads in and around New York were filled with members of clubs out on a "century" run—that is, riding one hundred miles in a day. Some particularly sturdy athletes did a "double century" once in awhile.

Mr. Murphy had long been a bicycle rider and a "speed merchant." He believed that he could ride a mile in a minute if he had a pacemaker who could negotiate that speed. The Long Island Railroad agreed to aid in the test. A plank road was laid between the tracks down near Babylon, L. I., for two miles. A black streak was painted in the middle of it for a mile and on June 30, 1899, the test was made.

A car and a locomotive were used as a pacemaker. Starting at the beginning of the plank track the train reached the black strip marking the beginning of the measured mile at a mile a minute pace, rocking dangerously from side to side. Behind the train, his back bent low and his hands tightly gripping the handle bars, was Murphy, hardly visible in the cloud of dust and smoke left by the train.

Murphy's time for the mile was 57 4-5 seconds, the fastest time ever made on a bicycle, and a record which still stands. He had entered the race as plain Charley Murphy. He finished it as "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy, world's greatest speed demon.

At the finish of the race he had one of the narrowest squeaks of his life. Having no brake on his high-geared bicycle he almost crashed into the rear of the train as it slowed down, but the presence of mind of men on the rear platform, who reached over and lifted him off his seat, saved him from what would have been serious injury or possible death.

When Murphy joined the police force a year or so later naturally he was put on the bicycle squad, and there he had a good many accidents. He was with the department for sixteen years, when he was placed on the pension list because of his injuries.

Murphy's long list of accidents began when he was a boy. At ten he almost fractured his skull in a coasting crash. The following year the family carriage he was riding in was wrecked by a runaway horse, Murphy suffering scratches.

When he was nineteen a carriage horse he was driving in Brooklyn bolted before an oncoming fire engine and Murphy was dragged fifty yards. Down in Bahia Harbor, Brazil, the next year, as a member of the crew of the S. S. Finance, Murphy was almost drowned in getting to his ship.

At twenty-two, while in training for a bicycle match, his bicycle slipped down an incline and he was knocked unconscious and suffered severe bruises.

On Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, the following year he crashed into a trolley on his bicycle and broke his arm. In two weeks, with his arm still in a sling, he rode a race and won.

On January 1, 1895, a trolley Murphy was riding in collided with another at Fulton and Franklin Streets, and Murphy was pulled out of the wreckage more dead than alive. He recovered and beat Nat Butler in a race, although his ankle was still in a cast.

In his twenty-seventh year he had three bad spills, each of which laid him up for several days.

In 1902, while he was riding with his brother on a tandem cycle with a steam motor of their contriving, the machine upset and Murphy was almost crushed to death. That same year he made a fire rescue and stopped a runaway.

In 1903 he started a single-handed fight with gangsters and was in imminent peril when police reserves arrived.

His most spectacular feat as a policeman was in 1906. Murphy, as the last link of a twenty-foot human chain, pulled out a man who already was up to his arm-pits in quicksand.

During the next three years he stopped two runaways, assisted eleven persons from a burning building, had a fight with twelve Italians, arresting one, and subdued George McVetty, a gunman who had just killed three men. In 1912 while doing some amateur investigating in an empty building, he fell through a floor and a short time after that he rolled down a flight of stairs, spraining his shoulder.

Murphy was assigned to motorcycle patrol in 1914. On Sept. 19, 1915, his machine crashed into an automobile, the wheels of which passed over his body. No bones were broken, but he suffered serious lacerations.

His next experience was being dragged a hundred feet on his overturned motorcycle by a motor truck. Ten days later the front fork of his motorcycle broke on Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, and he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital suffering from internal injuries. In September of the same year a sight-seeing bus struck his wheel and he was tossed thirty feet, suffering a fractured leg and internal injuries.

Finally, on January 27, 1917, when the police department had decided to retire him because of injuries, he was on his way to turn in his badge, when he slipped on an icy pavement and fractured his knee.

Since that time "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy has indulged in little activity and these seven years have been devoid of any accidents for him.

Traffic Facts

The large number of children injured shows that the paramount cause of these accidents is speeding. An automobile traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour goes 29.3 feet in a second, while the average pedestrian moves only 4.4 feet in a second. This means that the automobile moves nearly seven times as fast as the pedestrian, and that by the time a pedestrian moves seventeen feet from the curb, an automobile 117 feet away would be upon him.

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The Cop with the Smile Wins

Traffic Policeman Who Is Victor In $40,000 Popularity Contest, Attributes Success to Department's Aid

WHEN you ask Oscar Hettler, the "cop at Lafayette and Grand streets," who won a city-wide popularity contest for a $40,000 home at Forest Hills, to what he attributes his success he promptly answers, "My first thanks go to Commissioner Enright and the other members of the department who helped me in such comradely fashion. After I asked Commissioner Enright for permission to take part in this contest, for, of course, I could not enter in it without his approval, he wrote a kind note giving me the desired permission and expressing the hope that I would win. There is no doubt that without his good will I would not today be the owner of my prize home.

"The two things that most rejoiced me in the affair were that I had the support of my fellow policemen from the Commissioner down and of thousands of friends among the public at large.

"Another thing that pleased me a great deal is that several large consignments of candy that were bought to be voted in my name went to hospitals and children's homes to gladden the hearts of little kiddies who are not so fortunate as are my five children in having a beautiful home given to them.

"Special Deputy Commissioner Dr. John A. Harriss gave me his active support within the department and personally also in buying candy that he sent to many institutions. Another honorary member of the force, Signor Benjamino Gigli, famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, and friend of all policemen, sent practically a ton of candy to various institutions."

The story of Oscar's success—everyone calls him Oscar—dates back to the time when, as a young policeman who had been pounding the pavements of Manhattan for five years out of various precincts, he applied for traffic duty and was assigned to the post at Grand and Lafayette streets. It was a new post then, but today is one of the best known in the city, Oscar having held it for eleven years without a complaint.

All of that time his smile has been winning friends for him among motorists and pedestrians.

The strength of his hold on the passers-by was first demonstrated to outsiders in the great Liberty Loan drives in wartime. Oscar was among the first to offer his services and, in the days when everyone was asking everyone else to subscribe, he sold a total of $4,500,000 of Liberty Bonds. And he did it practically without leaving his post.

There was another demonstration just a few days ago when Lafayette street, the clear and the swift, suddenly blocked up with cars. The rapid two-way current turned into a chaos of vehicles horning and pushing and edging this way and that in vain endeavors to extricate themselves.

The cause was that Oscar Hettler had returned that morning after a day of much counting, in which he had been returned winner of the big house contest. His motorist friends just halted there to congratulate him. The result was a jam that was not broken until Oscar was called away from his post by a sergeant.

Of the generalship that enabled him to win Oscar tells this story:

"After obtaining permission to make the race I told some friends about it. They organized a committee to help me and without consulting me except in a general way, they had advertising printed and arranged subcommittees that worked in various directions. The result of the work of this very efficient organization was that I did not have to spend anything more than a few stamps and carfares throughout the whole campaign.

"The contest managers issued a bulletin every week showing the relative standing of the contestants, but not giving the number of votes each had. There was therefore from first to last nothing to guide us as to how many votes were needed to win.

Oscar Hettler's Smile

"Somehow the word spread that I was in the race and even school children hurrying across the crossing just before nine o'clock began to hand me coupons. Men who passed at the Lafayette street pace shouted to me that they were for me, and the result was shown in the first contest statement in which I stood sixth among the fifty leaders whose names were given.

"I decided that I wanted to stay in the first ten for fear of discouraging my backers and I did not want to lead because that might engender a false feeling of security. I kept close watch on the number of votes I turned in, and figured that about two million votes would be needed.

"I held back all the votes that were given me outright and deposited only those from persons who wanted the coupons back because they were good for premiums.

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Traffic Duty!

These votes that I held back amounted to about a million. They were deposited the last day and they turned the trick."

OSCAR has already moved into his new home and his five children are engaged, under his level-headed supervision, in trying to get accustomed to a new world in which there are such things as gardens, radios, sunshine all about the house, roads instead of solid asphalt streets, vegetables that come from out the earth instead of from a store, paths in place of hallways, and silence in place of noise.

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How Time Changes New York's Police

Sixty Years Ago the Force Covered More Territory Than It Does To-day

"NO city has greater occasion to be proud of her police than New York." This is the opening sentence of an article headed "The Metropolitan Police," and appearing in Harper's Weekly of September 9, 1865. Conditions sixty years ago were very much as they are today.

There have been many changes in the police force of this city. Sixty years ago at the time the pictures shown on page four were made the Metropolitan Force covered New York, Kings, Westchester and Richmond counties and the towns of Flushing, Newtown and Jamaica in Queens County. Bronx County had not then been created. More territory was covered then than now. Of course the population was not nearly so large.

The article in Harper's Weekly gives figures taken from the annual report of Thomas C. Acton, president of the Board of Police Commissioners, for 1863 and 1864. The two thousand members of the force made 54,751 arrests in 1864, one-ninth being for assault and battery, one-sixth for disorderly conduct, and almost one-fourth for intoxication.

There were some earnest scrappers in those days, for it is certain that many of those charged with disorderly conduct had passed a few blows as well as words. Foreigners caused trouble for the police then the same as now, for the report filed by President Acton showed that not quite one-third of the persons arrested were born in this country.

During the year ending Nov. 30, 1864, five members of the Metropolitan Police "met their deaths by violence at the hands of desperate ruffians," according to Harper's Weekly, which adds that thirteen others were seriously wounded in the same way and concludes: "This is caused in great measure by the immunity with which persons are allowed to carry about concealed weapons." The Sullivan law was not thought of in those days. Again conditions are little changed.

That report of police activities for 1864 shows that two authors and five editors were arrested, while forty actors and actresses were booked. It does not tell the offenses of which these persons were accused.

In all the illustrations accompanying the article in Harper's Weekly not one cop appears smooth shaven. All forms of whiskers appear. Sideburns, goatees, the spade patterns, Dundreary weepers, paint brushes and curled and twisted types—all are there.

And their hats! Some wear caps not unlike those worn today, but most of them wear funny little low-crowned, wide-brimmed hats something like those adopted by the Church of England clergymen.

In commenting on the good work done by the police of that day the writer in Harper's Weekly says:

"Only the strictest discipline and the most untiring vigilance make it possible for so small a body of men to maintain order in so large a city. The care which policemen take to nip crime in the bud helps them much in the accomplishment of this end. No squads of suspicious-looking men are allowed to gather on the street corners. No disreputable establishment is allowed to offend beyond a certain limit without incurring a 'descent of the police.' Much too is accomplished through fear, on account of the immunity with which, in a serious disturbance, the police are allowed to break heads and arms."

These last two sentences will cause the policeman of today to smile. Just what the "certain limit" is beyond which disreputable establishments might not go is uncertain, but it was doubtless much further than it is today. And heads and arms are not broken with such immunity now.

The "Grand Parade of the Metropolitan Police" in 1865 took place November 16, an unusual date for such an event. Perhaps the weather sixty years ago was milder in November than it is now.

To New York Policemen:

Major-General Robert Lee Bullard, Commanding the Second Corps Area, U. S. A., has set aside 250 vacancies for the sons of the New York Policemen in the Citizens' Training Camps to be held this summer, because, as chips of the old block, they are the right type of young Americans to receive the benefits of this wonderful training that Uncle Sam is appropriating two million dollars for.

THE GOVERNMENT PAYS ALL EXPENSES

Including transportation to camp and back home, food, uniforms, laundry, sleeping accommodations, medical and emergency dental attention.

Can You Beat It?

Your sons must be between 17 (by December 31st, 1924) and 24 years of age; physically fit, and willing to obey the Camp rules.

By attending Camp for first three years, no obligation is incurred for any future service.

Sons of gallant fathers! You can attend a basic, Red, White or Blue Infantry Camp at Plattsburg from July 1-30 or from August 1-30. Which do you want?

If you are fitted for it by previous training, you may attend from August 1-30:

Coast Artillery, Red, White or Blue Camp at Fort Hancock, New Jersey;

Engineer, Red, White or Blue Camp at Fort Dupont, Delaware;

Cavalry, Red, White or Blue Camp at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont;

Signal Corps, Red, White or Blue Camp at Camp Vail, New Jersey.

Field Artillery, Red, White or Blue Camp at Madison Barracks, New York.

If you are interested, send for application blank and further information to:

COLONEL PETER E. TRAUB, 77th Div.
39 Whitehall Street, New York
or to
C. M. T. C. OFFICER
Governors Island, New York

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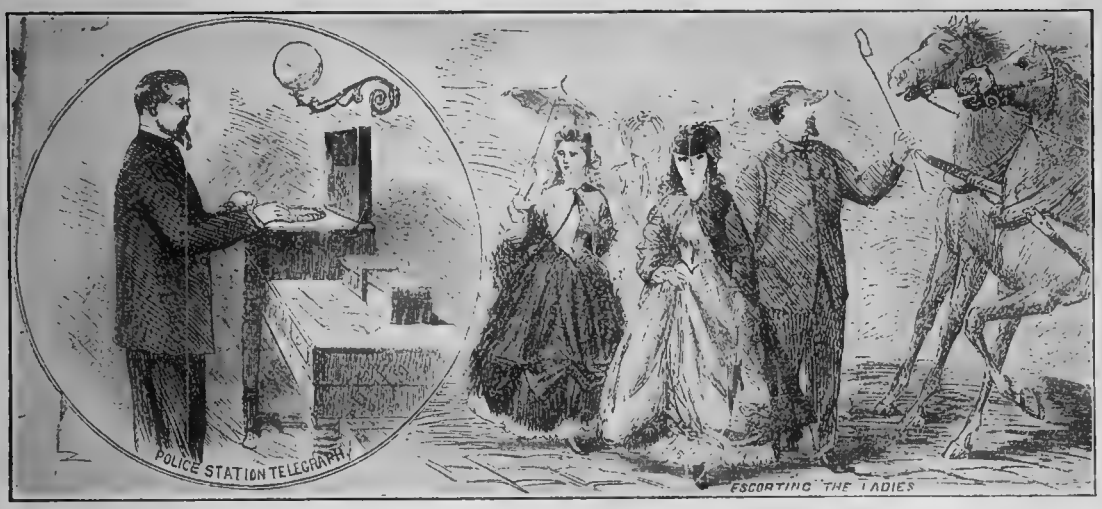
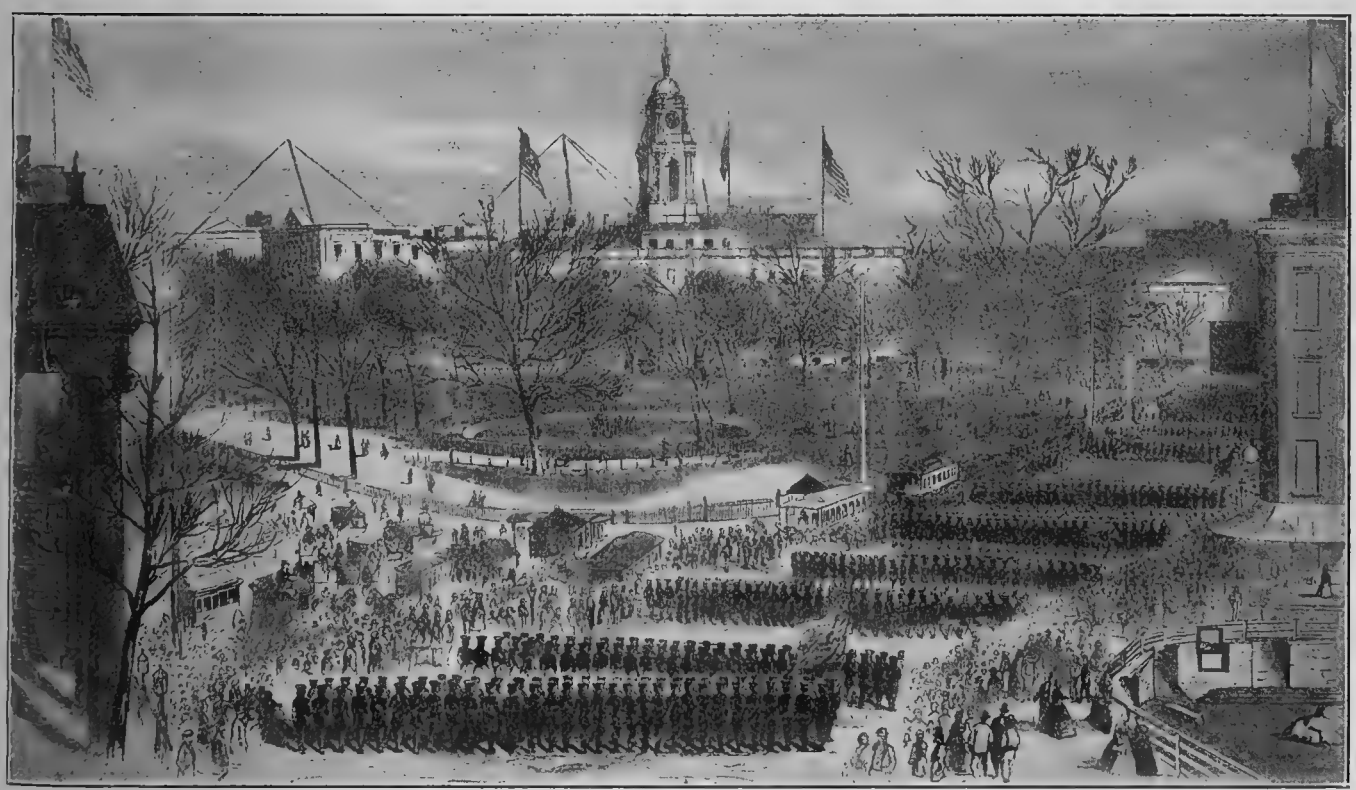
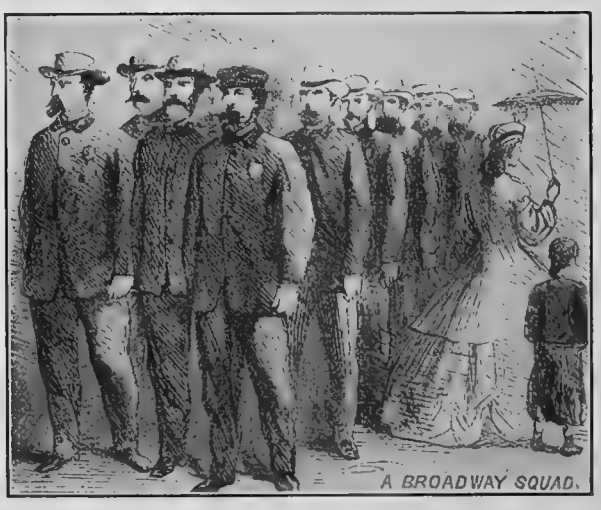
A Peep Back Sixty Years





Above, the Police Parade of November, 1865—Below, Left, Club Exercise (From Harper's Weekly)



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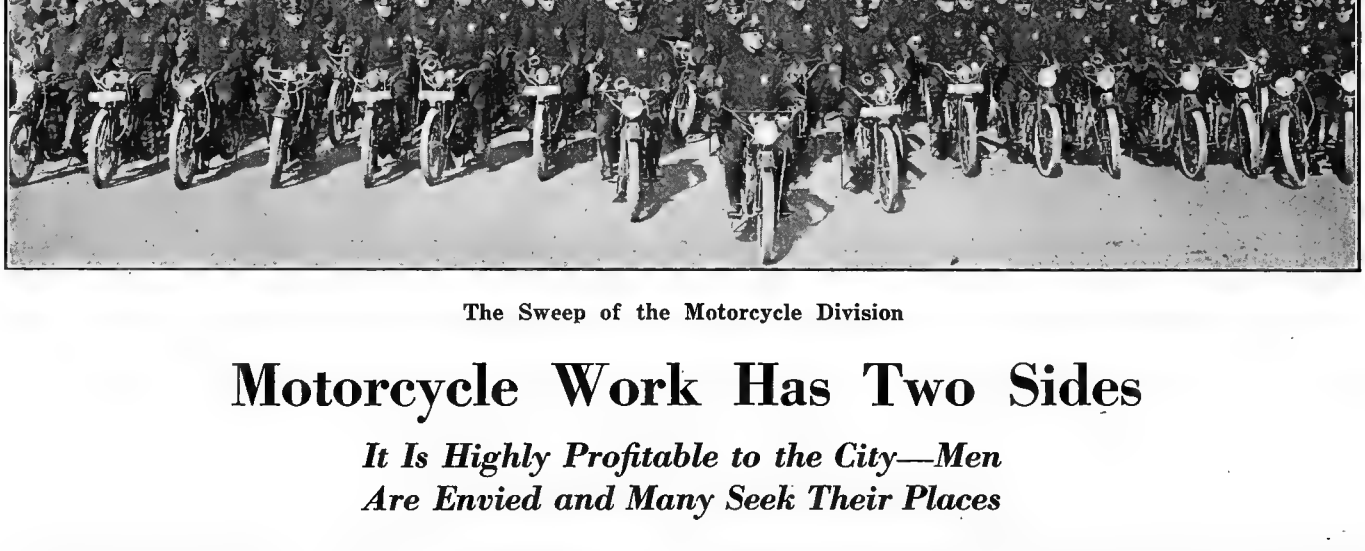

The Sweep of the Motorcycle Division

Motorcycle Work Has Two Sides

It Is Highly Profitable to the City—Men Are Envied and Many Seek Their Places

THE average person who sees a Motor Cycle Cop speeding along on his machine, erect and alert, is apt to wish himself in the officer's place, and is likely to think that the man is having a pleasurable existence mounted as he is on a steed of steel that can take him thither and hither at the touch of his foot.

Other popular misconceptions concerning the Motor Cycle Cops would be dispelled by what Captain Anthony J. Howe, commanding the Motor Cycle Division, tells in his latest report. One of the points he makes emphatically is that this division pays for itself, and that handsomely.

In 1923 the budget for the Police Department was more than $32,000,000. The fines imposed on violators of the penal codes, in cases prosecuted by the Motorcycle Division, was more than $805,000. The cost of upkeep of the Division, including salaries to the men, oil and gas and new equipment, was slightly more than $367,000.

The resulting balance, more than $437,000, reverting to the city, amounted to more than ten per cent of the Police budget.

The following figures for 1923 give an interesting sidelight on the activities of the Division:

	Registered	*Summonses*	*Percentage*
Passenger cars	266,862	32,215	12.07
Commercial	80,104	23,302	29.09
Taxis and buses.....	19,786	10,732	54.24
Motorcycles	8,246	628	7.62

Strange as it may seem, the Division does not center its activities on curbing speeders. Every offense on the criminal calendar has been prosecuted by motorcycle men. For instance, in 1923 the Division secured 26,964 convictions for speeding, and 39,125 convictions for other violations. Included in these other violations are convictions for burglary, grand larceny, homicide, concealed weapons, bigamy, desertion, vagrancy and juvenile delinquency.

A distinguishing feature of the motorcycle work here is the summons system that is widely copied throughout the country. It was worked out by Captain Howe, who has received many compliments for it. The system provides a double check and a cross check on every summons.

SINCE the advent of the motorcycle more than fifty men of the Division have been killed in the performance of their duty. A careful investigation has shown that a great majority of the men were killed as a result of carelessness by motorists.

Captain Howe has the distinction of having been the first man to make an arrest of a motor vehicle speeder in New York and probably in America. The arrest was made at the corner of Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue. Captain Howe, then a sergeant, was on bicycle duty and when an electric omnibus passed him at excessive speed he gave chase, arrested the driver, and thus started a new era.

Soon after this Commissioner McAdoo founded the Motorcycle Squad. Two officers, Casey and Malam, were chosen for this duty. They worked directly under the Commissioner and were considered part of his staff.

In 1905 four men were added to the squad, among them Captain Howe and Lieutenant Johnson, now in command of Squad 2, in Brooklyn. The machines these men used were the old one-lung, belt-driven cycles that were out of running condition more often than they were fit for use.

A few years later the squad lost its identity as a separate organization and was made part of Traffic C, operating from West Thirtieth street. There were at this time fifteen men assigned to motorcycle duty. Then a squad was installed in Brooklyn, with headquarters at the Bergen street station house, under the supervision of the borough inspector.

About this time began the experimentation with machines that eventually resulted in the standardization of the city's fleet of machines.

In 1917 the squad numbered 78 men, who were divided between the boroughs of New York and Bronx, and Brooklyn and Queens. When Commissioner Enright was appointed his first official act was to consolidate the two divisions under the name of the Motorcycle Division and under the charge of Captain Howe.

The Division now numbers 166 men, each one picked for the qualities that go to make a good motorcycle man. He must have a temperament to stand the work, the physical attributes necessary to bear the strain of eight hours hard riding every day in the heavy traffic of the city. He is chosen for his mechanical ability, character, appearance and police record.

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The First Chaplain's Story

A Spontaneous Demand by the Policemen Led to the Starting of the Present Corps of Chaplains

By MONSIGNOR J. P. CHIDWICK

THE fact that the Police Department has today a corps of chaplains, is due as I believe, to the fact that the men themselves felt the need of the spiritual guidance and the kindly help that it is in the province of the servants of God to give.

At least the appointment of the first two chaplains—of whom I was one—was due to such a spontaneous demand. The men sent a committee of policemen to see the local authorities of the Catholic and Episcopal churches to request the assignment of chaplains to the department.

I know of few more sincere tributes to the value of the church than this demand by men whose time is so fully occupied, for assistance, counsel and spiritual ministering by the clergy. That the department and the city administration promptly acceded to the men's request—this was in 1904—was evidence not only of the wisdom, but of the kind-heartedness of the chief officials.

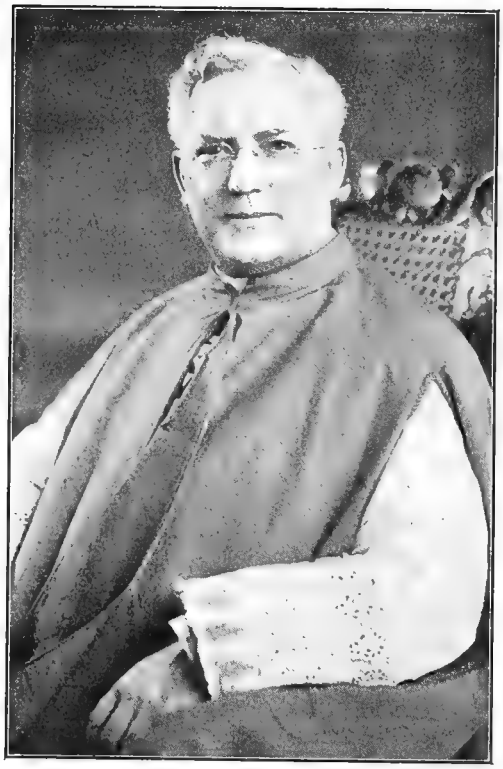
One day after I had officiated at a special service in the Paulist Fathers' Church—I being then the rector of St. Ambrose's—Archbishop Farley, as he then was, came to me in the corridor of the rectory and said: "I've been waiting to see you. I wish you to accept a chaplaincy in the Police Department. A committee of members has come to me requesting an appointment of a chaplain for their department.

I told him I would gladly accept if I could be of service. He sent me to General Bingham, then Commissioner, who sent me on to Mayor McClellan.

The thing moved very swiftly, for I was sworn in that day together with Chaplain Wade of the Episcopal Church. I had the honor of taking the oath first and of being the first chaplain of the department. We were given the rank of inspectors and some mention was made of our being paid. Two Brooklyn Chaplains were appointed later, and then the question of remuneration came up. We demurred to this and refused to accept any pay.

That the much larger corps of chaplains of today is a paid organization whose members are called on to give much more heavily of their time than we were, has been the natural development of the pioneer work that the two original chaplains did in establishing contact between the men in uniform and the churches.

As I gradually fixed a routine for my activities I began to visit precincts every evening at 6 p. m. when the men were shifting. I gave short talks of two or three minutes each to the squads as they went out and came in. I also took occasion to speak in the armories when the men were drilling for their annual parade. I visited Headquarters at least once a day and soon found myself en rapport as I believed, with the men of the department. The police force had not then grown to its present size, but it was just as necessary to attend to its spiritual well-being then as now.



MONSIGNOR J. P. CHIDWICK

My years of service with the New York Police left me with a profound admiration for the men. I hold, that as a body of men, they have no superiors, if any equals, in the world in their devotion to duty and in their personal self-sacrifice in the interests of those they serve. — Monsignor Chidwick.

One of the things I recall with great pleasure was the establishing of the annual vesper services in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The first services brought what we considered only a fair attendance, although an encouraging one. About 500 men in uniform appeared for the short sermon. As a year rolled by the first vespers seemed to have been favorably reported on by the members of the force who had attended, and our second service attracted about a thousand men.

It was when the third service was close at hand that appreciation for what had been done came to us in the following manner: Chief Inspector Schmittberger of that day, called me in to his office and asked me as to the attendance at the Vespers Service.

"It's not large enough," he said, after hearing my report, "why don't you have us help you?"

"I would gladly accept," said I, "but I didn't know that you were ready to give me any aid."

"Certainly I shall," he said. "Ask the Commissioner if I may summon to my office tomorrow all the inspectors and we shall begin the organization of a splendid attendance." Commissioner Bingham graciously consented and the next morning the Chief Inspector called all the inspectors together at headquarters and asked them to urge upon their men a full attendance at the approaching annual service. The result was that a few days later 2,000 men in blue gathered in St. Patrick's for the vespers.

It was a beautiful sight to see them marching in by companies and platoons, many of the organizations flying special flags.

The chaplain's duties included visits to the sick in

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their homes and the hospitals; receiving of the men at the rectory and a daily attendance at Headquarters.

One of the pleasureable incidents of my service that I recall gave illustration of the good-heartedness of General Bingham and his real affection for his force. A young policeman who had an excellent record, had resigned to return to Ireland for the purpose of supporting his mother. When he had been there less than a month she had died, leaving him without kith or kin.

He returned to America and naturally applied to be returned to his old place in the Police Department. General Bingham, to whom the case was put, decided that the young man would have to return to the force through the regular route for new patrolmen.

Several of the young man's friends saw the Commissioner, but, having a mind of his own, he refused to make an exception of the case. As I sat outside the Commissioner's office one day, a deputy commissioner came out and I told him that I planned to intercede for the young Irishman.

"I have just asked the Commissioner to do the same thing," said the Deputy, "and he has refused. But go in and see what you can do."

I pleaded with Commissioner Bingham to reinstate the young man on the ground that the people of New York want men of his type on the force, and that the Commissioner would not be failing in his duty to his office nor acting unjustly in restoring to his position a man of whose character and efficiency he was already assured. The very fact that he had been tested and had proved his worth showed him superior to the average of the newcomers.

"I'll send for his papers," was all Commissioner Bingham said. That night the young man was again a member of the force, his record having proved entirely satisfactory.

I had greater difficulty at one time in bringing those in authority to what I thought was the proper view about a practical pension fund. One of our men had been shot by a burglar whom he was chasing on Brooklyn Bridge and had died. He had been one of the most promising men in the department. His mother, who had been dependent upon him, applied for a pension and was at first refused on the ground that two members of the family were city employees and that they were drawing sufficient money from the city. I said then, as I think now, that the idea of a pension system was not then properly understood by some of those whose duty it was to supervise it.

In investigating the case mentioned I found the sister was a school teacher who was not able to work steadily because of ill health and did not receive full pay. The father of the family also worked for the city, but his salary was very meagre and he also was unable to obtain full pay because of ill health.

I accordingly pressed the matter of obtaining a pension for the dependent mother and eventually won the point, possibly by my insistence. My own view of pensions is that the people of New York City, wishing to be served even at the risk of life by the members of the police force, wish to encourage the men in the discharge of their duty by giving them the assurance that in the case of their death in the discharge of their duty their dependents will be cared for. The people, I feel, wish to take away from the men serving them any fear as to the future care of their families, in order that this service might be full and faithful even in the face of death.

I do not know if this theory yet prevails, but my opinion is that it is the only attitude toward pensions which the people of New York would wish to have adopted.

Of course there were many odd incidents in my service. One that I still remember is a great fire which I hurriedly attended in an overcoat I had just purchased, but which was nearly ruined by fire and water that night.

Early in the service of the two pioneer chaplains in Manhattan two other chaplains were appointed in Brooklyn. Father McGuirl of St. Joseph's was one of them.

Another odd incident I recall was the visit of a policeman who a year before had been brought up on charges of drunkenness and had taken the pledge for one year. He came to my rectory at the expiration of his pledge, but it chanced I was ill in bed from a recurrent erysipelas that had resulted from my experience at Havana and Key West before the war. Being all bandaged up and in little condition to attend to any matters, I sent down word that I could not see him.

Happily it occurred to me a few minutes later that the time for this pledge was about up and that this must be the man who had taken it. I sent a messenger after him in haste and he was caught at the corner and brought back to the rectory. In my bandages I must have made a peculiar figure, but nevertheless I administered the pledge that kept him on the straight path for another year. I mention this incident to show the desire of the men to remain straight, if they can be helped over periods of weakness. I would never have forgiven myself if I had lost this opportunity.

Another incident that I remember with great satisfaction was the noble action of three policemen. I was called to St. Vincent's Hospital, where I found two policemen who had been shot.

Three policemen had entered a tenement house hallway after a thief and he had turned on the lower stairs and shot the leader of the policemen through the abdomen. As this man fell the second policeman leaped over him at the burglar, only to be brought down by a bullet above the heart. The third man, undaunted, brought down the thief.

At the hospital the surgeons planned to operate at once on the one shot over the heart. But he stopped them, saying, "Better take ——— first—he has a wife and children." Unfortunately both men passed away, the operations failing to save them, but the incident showed the splendid courage of the men in the discharge of their duty and their admirable loyalty to one another.

My experiences were not without amusing incidents also, and one of them had to do with the annual police parades in which I, as a chaplain, had to ride in the front rank.

I had had no horseback training then, my single experience having been in a mere canter over the hills of St. Thomas with other naval officers when our ship was at that port.

Because of my inexperience I was taken in hand by Sergeant Corbett at the Central Park stables. Several times a week he commandeered the presence of the chaplains. No better trainer could have been had. The efficiency of our mounted policemen was largely due to his efforts. I learned to set properly and as he gave me a very gentle horse that would not permit me to fall off, I rode through my first parade, apparently at ease. So much of a success was this combination of Sergeant Cor-

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bett's instruction and the docility of the horse that many of my acquaintances came to the conclusion that I was an expert horseman. If their belief had been the end of the matter all would have been well.

But the next year when I went to the stables to get a horse to practice on I was met with loud guffaws. "You fooled us last year, Father, but you can't do it again," they said, "So we have saved the finest horse in the department for you."

They gave me a high-spirited, fine-looking animal that was full of action. I did not wish to be daunted, so I mounted the horse, assumed the position that Sergeant Corbett had so carefully taught me the year before, and hoped for the best.

That beast knew I could not ride, and from the first he brushed against trees and branches and did other capers that left me at times quite helpless. Finally, when he almost ran away, two or three mounted officers came to my rescue and stopped the animal—for I did not know whether he was going fast or running away. However, he did not throw me and I came back after my ride agreeing with the horse that I knew little about riding.

Now I was able to convince them of my need of a gentle horse. On another one of the tame variety I rode through my second police parade.

I found the men in the department exceedingly courteous and kind and I left them only with regret. My departure was compulsory, as I had been appointed to take charge of the theological seminary of St. Joseph's above Yonkers.

In connection with my service I look back with great pleasure on the fact that the men had quietly made up a purse for me which I believe reached a large amount. I learned of this before it was presented and let it be known I could not accept the gift. The pleasant memory of the fact that they appreciated my services was sufficient. I believe that the vast majority of the men of the department from inspectors down to patrolmen can always be relied upon to discharge their duty faithfully and fully if they be not blocked in their efforts.

The Wrong Charge

By Acting Captain JOHN A. LYONS, Third Detective District

A colored prisoner employed as a watchman on a building in course of construction was arraigned in a Bronx Magistrates' Court, charged with obstructing the sidewalk and attempting to assault a Sergeant with a penknife while the Sergeant was removing the obstructions.

The prisoner's head was swathed in bandages and he was meek and subdued.

The testimony of the Sergeant was corroborated by a Patrolman.

After the officers had testified the prisoner was asked by the Magistrate what he had to say in his own behalf. The negro assumed an air of profound legal knowledge and proceeded with his defense.

"Now, Jedge, you Honah," he said, "I pleads guilty to this here obstruction charge. But about this assault business. Can you all just imagine a little nigger like me standing between two big New York Policemen, attempting to assault one of them, a Sergeant? Now, Jedge, you Honah, that wouldn't be assault, THAT WOULD BE SUICIDE."

Red Scares Black

By Patrolman JOHN B. MORRELL, 49th Precinct

In the neighborhood of Lenox Avenue and 133d Street my attention was attracted by a crowd. Pushing my way through the throng, I saw an old negro lying on the street, covered with a liquid that appeared to be blood. I found he was not injured and asked him what was the trouble.

He was walking along the street, he said, when a black cat crossed his path. This is an omen of hard luck among negroes. A few moments later he stopped in front of a house that was being painted red. While the painters were lowering the scaffold a pot of paint rolled off, struck him a glancing blow on the back, and spattered him with the red paint. With the memory of the cat still fresh in his mind the sight of red all over him made him think his day had come and he fainted.

I told him he was all right. He thanked me for my assistance and departed with the exclamation: "De Lawd be praised for my preservation, and damn that black cat for my consternation."

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How London's "Bobbies" Work

Problems of the Uniformed Force in the English Metropolis as Seen by Visiting American "Cops"

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton

Former Inspector William T. Davis and Lieutenants John A. Golden and F. C. Kruse of the Foreign Police Commission Collaborating

HAVING told in last month's Police Magazine something about the workings of the Criminal Investigation Department—or Detective Division—of Scotland Yard, London, we can now record some of the impressions that the uniformed force of London made on our visiting Commission of New York policemen.

The uniformed police of London constitute a magnificent body of splendidly trained men comprising 22,000 constables (we would call them patrolmen) over whom there are the following officers: Commissioner, Deputy Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, Deputy Assistant Commissioner, Chief Constable, Superintendents, Chief Inspectors, and so on.

The problems of London are quite different from those of New York partly because of differences inherent in the cities and partly because of variancies in the laws.

The violent crimes, murder and assault, with which the New York department is so much concerned are far less numerous in London than here. The difficulties arising from the free use of the pistol are almost non-existent in London, possibly because the London police are closely backed up by English courts and certainly because of the general homogenousness of the population which works out in a more general popular knowledge and respect for the law.

One of the London achievements that is not to be duplicated here because our system of government is different is the licensing and control of motor cars. This is simpler in London than anywhere in America, and is amazingly well handled there. It is not improbable that it seems particularly simple because it is so ably handled.

LONDON has no special homicide squad such as New York conditions require. Probably there is no real need for anything of the sort there, principally because social and other conditions make it possible rigidly to enforce the law against carrying concealed weapons. English criminals usually avoid the possession of deadly weapons as they would avoid the plague. To be caught with them during or after the commission of a crime means a terrific addition to the penalty imposed.

We of the New York police who so often are called upon to attend the funerals of comrades shot down by criminals wish that we might be enabled by the courts similarly to enforce the New York concealed-weapons law.

Nor are the London police armed, save for their short truncheons or clubs. The theory of this is that if the criminal knows in advance that the "bobby" (policeman) is not armed, he, himself, will not risk the very greatly increased punishment involved in the possession of weapons should he be caught.

Undoubtedly this notably reduces the murder rate throughout the whole United Kingdom. The capture of a burglar with firearms in his possession is an unusual

An Arrest In London

AS an illustration of the practical workings of the London police, Deputy Chief Inspector Belton tells the following story:

"I was walking at night in one of the rougher districts of London when I caught a glimpse of the familiar blue and white checkers on the sleeve of a fast-walking man ahead of me. By looking closely I was able to distinguish the rest of the uniform of the London Bobby.

"With him was a man of rather rough exterior who apparently was not moving with the same alacrity as the policeman. I thought at first that it must be an arrest and hoped to get close enough to the pair to see just how the London police did it. But when I got near to the two men I came to the conclusion I probably had been wrong, since I saw none of the earmarks of an arrest that were familiar to me. There were children in the street, but none of them were following the two men. The officer did not have hold of the man and there were no handcuffs in sight.

As I learned later the London Police never use this essential of our own system. Partly to satisfy my curiosity and partly because there did seem something strange about the Bobby's behavior, I asked a shopkeeper about the case.

"Is that fellow a prisoner?" said I.

The man in the white apron looked at me in astonishment. What kind of a man was this asking such queer questions?

"Certainly that's a prisoner," said the shopkeeper, "don't you see the Bobby is walking fast?"

"It was then that I realized that the peculiarity I had noticed was in the policeman's gait. The London Bobby has a steady strolling pace while on his post that is very different from the quick, authoritative walk that this one was employing in taking the man to a cell.

"On their beats the London Bobbies habitually walk a few dozen paces at their practiced gait, then turn and look behind them on both sides. That done, they resume their steady pace as before.

"But to return to this special case.

"My next question amazed the shopkeeper even more apparently than had my first one.

" 'Why doesn't the policeman catch hold of the man?' I asked, 'Isn't he afraid that the fellow will hit him?'

"His reply told volumes.

" 'What! hit a bobby!' said the shopkeeper."

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thing. The "gun" is rarely used by what may be termed professional criminals of any kind in Great Britain. Firearms appear only, speaking generally, in crimes of passion, including especially, of course, the passion of love and the passion of revenge.

At the time of our visit statistics showed that 30,392 persons were licensed to possess and carry firearms in the Metropolitan District of London. Such licenses are granted by the Commissioner of Police. The penalty for unlawfully carrying a firearm is twenty pounds, or virtually a hundred dollars, with the alternative in the discretion of the judge of three months' imprisonment. It is a rather startling fact that London, although the capital of what is proudly declared to be an unarmed country, should have outstanding thirty thousand pistol permits, almost as many as have been issued in New York. I believe that situation to be an outgrowth of the war.

ALL private automobiles in London are licensed by the County Council. To each licensee a book is issued, which, in fact, is his license-form. It contains a minute description of the particular car to which the license applies, and an owner with more than one car must be provided with more than one license-book and must use care when he goes on the road to see to it that the one which he carries is that which refers specifically to the car which he is driving.

The description on the license includes the name of the manufacturer, the number of the engine, the number of the body, the name and a minute description of the licensee and the license-number of the car.

When a car is sold the book issued for it must be delivered by the seller to the buyer, whose property the car has become by purchase, and the licensing authorities must be notified and must make the necessary alterations in the license-book. No seller may give legal title to a car unless he is in possession of the original license-book. The authorities must be notified at once of the loss of any license-book. Any purchaser of a car accepting and paying for it without at the same time securing the license-book would know himself to be partner in a shady transaction and virtually certain to be found out. All sellers of cars must notify the authorities of each transaction and all buyers of cars must notify the authorities before any attempt at operation.

The system seems to work out very well in London, and, indeed, being general, is effective throughout the United Kingdom. It is believed to have a wholesome restraining effect upon reckless driving as well as upon automobile stealing. If a similar law could be made national in the United States automobile thefts would be brought to a virtual end because the market for stolen cars would be at once destroyed.

"Bobbies" Handling Accident Case

Another human interest picture from the London Police Motion Picture

FOUND property in London, especially articles found in streets and public conveyances of all kinds, must not only be notified to the police, but must be turned over to the Lost and Found Bureau of Scotland Yard. The regulations with regard to this are so severe and so certain of enforcement that failure of, say, a taxi-driver or 'bus-conductor to turn over property found in his vehicle, or even of a citizen to turn over property found in the street probably is rare. If you lose an umbrella in London you probably will get it back. To this Bureau any person who has lost property, from a bunch of keys to a diamond tiara, knows the wisdom of applying, and the value of lost property which it annually returns to the rightful owners is tremendous.

IN London all pawnbrokers get a daily list of all property reported to have been lost and which can be regarded as identifiable, as, for example, a coat which is reported by its owner as being marked with some distinctive label, a ring engraved with initials, and so on.

These lists are personally delivered to each pawnbroker in London every day by a sergeant of police. This doubtless impresses the pawnbrokers more deeply than they might be impressed by lists mailed or even by lists delivered by mere constables. The English law makes it mandatory that pawnbrokers shall endeavor to observe would-be customers with care and that they shall hold, using force for the purpose if necessary, any person ap-

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pearing at their shops and endeavoring to pawn an article with regard to the ownership of which the pawnbroker has any reason to be suspicious. In such circumstances it is the duty of the pawnbroker immediately to notify the police. Thus, in a sense, all pawnbrokers in London become agents of the police. As such they do not neglect their duties. They are under very good control.

In New York pawnbrokers are required by law to report to the police practically all articles pledged. There is a pawnbroker squad the members of which are constantly supervising these places. Each unit of the department sends, on appropriate cards, to the Pawnbrokers' Squad, daily, lists of all articles reported as lost or stolen, and these are promptly checked against the reports from the pawnbrokers.

In New York City there is no law requiring found articles to be turned over to the police. Such objects may be kept by the finder after a "reasonable" effort has been made to discover the original owner, retention of such found articles without such an effort being deemed larceny, but unfortunately the term "reasonable effort" is nowhere closely defined.

Citizens and transportation companies alike in New York are permitted to judge for themselves how to construe the term and what it is "reasonable" to do when articles have been found. Most of the transportation companies maintain bureaus to which employees are instructed to turn in found articles, but these bureaus are not under police control. According to the law articles found in taxicabs must be turned over within twenty-four hours to the Commissioner of Licenses, a special administrative department of the City of New York, but few if any provisions are made for the enforcement of this provision and it probably is rather generally disregarded.

WE returned to the United States convinced that the British bail system is better than our own. In some details it is more liberal; in others—and these, it seems to us, are the essential ones—it is far more drastic. Everything considered it is more effective. It is amazingly well-administered and in consequence London and, indeed, all England, is without such scandals as continually occur in New York City and, we imagine, in other parts of the United States.

The detail in the English system which is more liberal than ours is that which permits the sergeant of police on duty at the time an arrested person is taken to a station-house, if the charge is that he has committed a misdemeanor only, or, in case of larceny, if not more than £20 is involved, to accept bail from persons who can establish satisfactory respectability.

An appealing picture from a six-reel film showing the activities of the London Police

This bail may be in the form of cash or valuables; indeed any security satisfactory to the sergeant may be accepted. People who are of the neighborhood and known to the police as worthy citizens may be released upon their promise to appear in court when and where designated.

In more serious cases involving, for instance, felonies, the matter of bail is controlled by judicial officers. Two sureties are required. Police recommendations and advice always are asked and usually are followed.

There is in this, as in every detail of the management of matters related to the administration of the criminal law in England such very close co-operation between judicial officers and the police as does not exist in New York, and we think is rare elsewhere in America. Team-work of this sort tends greatly toward the decrease of crime.

One reason for this, certainly, is the solidarity of the whole United Kingdom. Everything there is for or against the King. Here in the United States offenses may be against city laws, state laws or national laws.

Commissioner General Sir William Horwood of the London Police and one of his men

OWING to conditions and necessities which very quickly and sensationally developed during the war the British Government and all loyal British citizens are fully convinced of the necessity for registration of aliens in such a way that they may be, continually if necessary, under the supervision of the police.

In accordance with the Aliens' Act as it at present stands all persons from foreign countries who are spending more than two months in the United Kingdom must

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register with the police. After having registered and, sometimes, after having answered many searching questions, they must report to the police every two months. Also they must always notify the police of a change of address.

These English provisions for the registration of Aliens are liberal in comparison with those of other countries which we visited, where aliens are required not only to register with the police, but to report to them every two weeks.

There is no doubt that certain police advantages result from such a system, but in America its operation would

London Bobby Handling Traffic.

be extremely difficult, complicated and expensive. The immense permanent or semi-permanent alien population in New York, for instance, and the tremendous number of aliens always to be found here who are en route to other parts of the United States, would make such registration a terrific undertaking which probably would not be worth its cost in time, annoyance and money.

All persons applying for quarters at English hotels, rooming-houses and boarding-houses must fill out, before they are given accommodations, special blanks which must be held by those in charge subject to instantaneous production for police inspection. The penalty for neglect of this provision is very severe and falls alike on the unregistered alien and the persons furnishing his accommodation. This registration is regarded as vitally valuable in London. It seems doubtful to American policemen if in America, at any rate in New York, it would justify the great work and expense involved.

It is difficult to answer in a positive affirmative the question as to whether such a system actually can control the non-respectable—and it is obvious that the respectable need no control. Criminals may roam in and out of London by train, in motor cars or on foot at will without stopping overnight and therefore without being troubled by the difficulties and (to them) dangers of the registration system. We, of the American group of police students, have devoted much discussion to this matter of the registration of aliens and our general conclusion is that in America such procedure would not greatly help the police in handling the criminal problem. It seems, too, to be rather contrary to American ideas and ideals of liberty.

The Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard often helps the police of the City of London, which is a comparatively small part of the Greater London. This area, which contains the Bank of England and the financial district, is of great importance, of course, and has its own separate police force, which is uniformed like that of the Metropolitan District, yet is distinct. The force consists of 1,161 men in uniform and thirty detectives.

An interesting and important detail of London's police machine is a publication (fully official) known as The Police Gazette. It contains names and descriptions of people wanted for offenses and of missing persons. It lists and describes lost, found and stolen property and contains general information of London's police activities, including apprehensions and convictions in the courts. It is sent daily to every police station not only in the Kingdom, but throughout the Empire.

There is nothing like it in the United States, though in our opinion there should be, for the testimony of the London police is to the effect that it is of immnese value. It serves an especially useful purpose when any situation demands a search of public institutions throughout the country, such as hospitals, prisons, lodging-houses and so on. Photographs are used in it when they can be obtained.

We learned with gratification that those in charge of police affairs in London were steadily endeavoring to better the general welfare of the men and their families.

The rigors of patrol duty, which is maintained at a very high standard in and out of season, make certain inroads upon the health and physical efficiency of a policeman. The consequent necessity for some play-time is recognized in London and ample provision is made for it. Various forms of recreation, boxing, football, and athletics in general, are indulged in. It was soon evident to us that a wholesome, spirited but friendly rivalry existed among the men. It was manifested in all their matches that we saw, there being decidedly keen competition.

The sick and disabled policeman receives every possible consideration and attention. Practically four per cent of the men are constantly either on the sick list or on sick leave, and in their cases the commanding officers redouble their efforts to render assistance. Accommodations are obtained for those needing medical treatment at not only the general hospitals, but in special hospitals. There are cottage hospitals in the exterior districts and Naval and Military Hospitals for men attached to the large Dockyard Divisions.

Six or seven hundred men annually are sent to a Convalescent Home at the cost of the Metropolitan and City Police Convalescent Home Fund for periods varying from a week to two months.

During each tour of duty half an hour is allowed the patrol force in which to obtain a meal or refreshments. This plan has now been in use for several years. That the rank and file appreciate it is best evidenced by a general strict adherence to the time allowed for quitting posts for this purpose. New York City enjoys a similar regulation.

Many stores or canteens are operated by the department under the immediate control of a Central Canteen Committee, and they furnish the men with the best of goods at the lowest possible cost and, consequently, effect great savings. An effort is being made to establish a central depot for all necessary goods and this will afford opportunity for purchases in greater quantity, thus further reducing costs.

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

(*Continued from page* 29)

to appear after all? The trap was waiting, open-mouthed, for the two, and here was but one of those who were sought, and not the real prize at that.

Worse than that, Foster for the first time began to doubt himself. The thought even crossed his mind that perhaps his powers were failing. For, as he caught these motion-picture glimpses of the egotistic looking old "professor" between the passing cars the conviction grew leaden within him that no such girl as he imagined Helen to be could ever have had aught to do with such a mountebank as this. Hastings looked like a circus barker grown mossy.

Through the pulsating flashes of the traffic Wilkinson saw the old man meet a flashily-dressed younger one and start across the street. They walked straight to the hall's entrance, heavy in converse over the seat sale and the billing. Obviously this was his manager who walked with Hastings. Foster, with a premonition that things were going ill, started to intercept the Professor, but Wilkinson laid a restraining hand on him. "Wait, I'll try him out inside—we can make something out of this yet."

IN the perfervid heat of the hall half an hour later the eager believers in the Professor's vaunted telepathic powers were busily writing on slips of paper questions of great moment. Decisions on these things they meant to leave to the pious old white-whiskers seated on the stage. His amiably vacant face showed only his professional and well practiced wrinkles of perplexity and of strain after the intangible as he slowly placed the carefully sealed requests, each with its red blob of obviously untouched seal showing on the outside—against his forehead and slowly and miraculously, as it seemed, read out the naive questions about absent John, the love of Mary, and which a girl should take, the rich fellow or the worker in the lace mill.

Gasps of titters through the hall told in many cases whence the questions had come. Occasionally a raised hand admitted the authenticity of some vague query as to whether the writer would obtain fortune or get that which was desired.

As each paper was read it was dropped still sealed into a waste paper basket of the familiar fibre kind. While familiar, this basket was extraordinary, for of bottom there was none. The sealed questions of the believers slid smoothly down through it into the lap of the flashily dressed young man, where he sat beneath the stage. Slit open there one by one their contents were whispered up through a speaking tube in the back of the professor's chair. Repeated aloud by him the questions were then answered as far as might be from his head or, in a few cases, such as those of requests for the date of Shakespeare's death, on whispered directions based on hasty glances at a book of reference the young man held on his knees.

Two pairs of eyes watched the Professor keenly as he read out the flat question, "Where is Helen Edeson?" Not a ripple of expression rewarded the anxious watchers. The placid professor wrinkled his brows as he did over every question and then he gave a reply drawn from the great stock-answer room in his head.

"I see a young woman of marked attractiveness who is far from home. I see snow around her. In connection with her I see a man white of hair. She is active and happy—many seek her. The next question is."

And the old drone went on. "Come on," said Wilkinson, half rising, "I tried him out and he never flinched a muscle. He doesn't know a thing. That's all blah-blah that he gave out. I'll swear he never heard the name."

"Not so fast," commanded the bulldog Foster. Many times he had dragged a victory out of a seeming defeat and he meant to see this thing through. They retired to the lobby to discuss the problem and the upshot of their talk was a decision by Foster to test out the old professor and ascertain if he really were a hypnotist.

THEREFORE, in the second or hypnotism part of the performance, when the called-for volunteers sidled up to the stage for the testing of Professor Hastings' power, one of them was a detective drawn from Foster's retinue.

Old white-whiskers put the early candidates for initiation through the usual tricks of playing mule, being insensible to pain, and being tongue-tied and then he announced that he would demonstrate the "latest great discovery in hypnotism as used by the Paris and other great police forces in obtaining confessions from criminals."

"The Professor will now illustrate," said the flashily-dressed young man, "that it is quite impossible for a hypnotized person to lie unless the lie be suggested by the hypnotizer himself. He will demonstrate that the plain and simple truth is the only thing a person under this strange and still unexplained influence can tell."

Foster was squirming in his seat. Wilkinson had lost his care-free attitude. Foster half arose from his seat and signalled to his man on the stage. The fellow was looking straight at him but paid no attention to the frantic signals—for he was the subject on which the new test was to be made and he had been carefully hypnotized before the announcement was made.

Before the Private Investigator could make up his mind to try to regain possession of his operative, even at the cost of public interruption of the performance, the blunt old professor was at his job of gimleting the truth out of a man whose business it was to keep his business secret. And Foster was learning that which he wished to know—whether Hastings was a real hypnotist.

"What are you?"

"A detective," came the ready-tongued answer.

"Your name?"

"Frank Wilcox."

"Your home address?"

"Five hundred and twelve Grand Concourse, Bronx."

"Who are you working for?" was the ungrammatical but forceful bomb that next was thrown.

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At this Foster started to arise, but a signal from the young man on the stage brought a blue-coated town policeman down the aisle and the Private Investigator quieted down to a mere squirming.

"S. Holmes Foster," the answer had resounded, while the Private Investigator had been bestirring himself to interrupt.

The young man, from his place at one side of the stage, here called out to the audience:

"You see the truth will out. Here is a detective for the great Private Investigator of whom every one of you has heard—the man who solved the Tut-ankh-Amen code and who restored the real Orloff diamond to the Grand Duke Nicholas last year after it had been stolen in the days of Rasputin. But let us get on."

By this time the audience had sensed that something beyond the usual was afoot and there was a stir and a craning of necks as the crowd hopefully looked forward to seeing someone made uncomfortable.

"What case are you working on?"

"The Helen Edeson case." The crowd was all awake by now to the meaning of the scene. The young man whispered in the Professor's ear, the Professor evidently having already forgotten the name that had come up in the clairvoyant seance.

"Did you write the question that was sent up here?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Foster or Mr. Wilkinson, I guess, sir."

"They are both here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else is here?"

"Franklin, our chief operative, and two other men."

"So there are six of your men here to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"To see you and to find Helen Edeson."

Foster had been sitting with a nervous sneer on his face, Wilkinson, proponent of the two schemes that had failed, had been licking dry lips. But at this they, like everyone else in that house, sat up tense. There was deep silence, only a soft stirring as the Patchogue folk who thus found themselves in the heart of what they supposed to be a great metropolitan mystery looked from side to side in search of this girl for whom the famous detective and five aides were searching.

Was she in the auditorium? What was the meaning of it all? Having seen Foster's ill-concealed efforts to stop the bringing out of the facts the townsfolk were well convinced that something momentous was on foot.

But the young man out-thought and out-smarted everyone, as indeed it was his business to do. He did not know what the next question might bring forth, but he knew that he already had enough to capitalize into a big boom for the Professor. He leaped to the stage centre, stopped the Professor's started question, "How did you" and boomed out:

"You see, ladies and gentlemen, in how great esteem Professor Hastings is held by one who is probably the greatest individual detective in America, if not in the world.

"S. Holmes Foster has won laurel wreath after laurel

The pigeon with its gleaming trail is followed across Jamaica Bay by aeroplane and motor-boat.

wreath by his solution of great mysteries. I can refer now to one that escaped my memory before—the Quenzal case in which the Ambassador of one of the Allies was struck dead as he played at bridge with a party of friends—was stabbed from behind without anyone seeing the blow—not even the lovely woman spy of an enemy government who was entertaining the party in her private rooms. Then too there was the famous affair of the patriotic burglar whom Foster induced to re-enter

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an abandoned calling in order to steal from the German legation in Switzerland the plans of a proposed German offensive on the West Front—a plan that Foster personally got through the German lines to General Foch. The result was that it was Foch who struck and won—not von Hindenburg.

"I recall these things merely to re-establish in your minds the reputation of the man who has to-night come here to seek the aid of Professor Hastings, the greatest of American clairvoyants and hypnotists.

"It also gives me inestimable pleasure to announce that you good folk of Patchogue will have another opportunity to test the wonderful powers of the Professor at a special matinee and an extra evening performance in this hall to-morrow night at which prices will not be raised.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if the most brilliant detective mind in America comes to Professor Hastings for information just think of what value the Professor can be to you and your friends. Bring them all to-morrow and ask."

But Foster and Wilkinson, streaking it up an aisle, heard no more. Outside Wilkinson expressed himself briefly. "Magnificent. That fellow who euchered us is sharp enough to get on our staff, Holmes. He can turn a trick as quick as any man I ever saw."

Foster, however, had no eyes or ears for this feature of the humiliating defeat he had suffered. "This thing will be all over the country to-morrow! Made a monkey of by an old harlequin from some side-show—it means ruin to me and to you too, Wilkinson, if this thing gets out of Patchogue."

At this Wilkinson woke up, startled into wide-awakeness. "By the Gods, that's true," and he vanished. Now Wilkinson's business was the getting of things into print, but of occasion he had been known to be a first-class snuffer-out of news.

It matters little how he did it, but he did so arrange matters in various quarters that no word of the sharp little drama in the hall reached the great newspapers of New York. There was casual mention of it in a local paper, but its pith and point were lost in the Patchogue handling of it.

Foster was a man who stuck to a job until the last least thing was done and on this occasion he stayed long enough to meet Professor Hastings, laugh the evening's incident off with him, and offer him a ride to his lodgings in a finer car than the Professor could ever hope to own. Also he ingratiated himself so well with the Professor that he was asked to step into the hotel where the Professor lodged. He invited the hypnotist to be his guest at supper and thereby brought about that which he sought—a meeting with a certain brunette young woman of dashing beauty.

"Marie," said the Professor to her, "I want you to meet the smartest detective in all the states—the famous Mr. S. Holmes Foster. Mr. Foster, let me introduce my daughter, Marie. She has just come on from British Columbia to be with me at the holidays."

And S. Holmes Foster, Private Investigator, his eyes close pressed on a face that was almost a double of Helen Edeson's in its general aspects, felt his ears assailed by: "Any friend of Paw's is a friend of mine, Mr. Foster. I'm mighty pleased to meet you."

Here the last shreds of Hope's filmy garments—shreds to which he had been forlornly and rather hopelessly clinging for the last hour—pulled out from his relaxed grasp and vanished. Helen Edeson? Where was she, what was her fate? He had not a real clew!

THE man who left that country hotel for the long drive to New York that night was far down in the blues. His mood was as deep as the hue of the skies under which he pushed his racer along past villa and roadhouse, farm and dog-kennel, garage and summer boarding-house.

How surprising then that he burst into Judge Varney's office the next morning brimful of joy and vigor—eager and active. He had just received by phone the message that Judge Varney was even then hearing over his carefully sentinelled private wire.

"Judge Varney," said the voice of Hiram Edeson, "we need your help at once. The strangest thing has happened. We found at the front gate this morning a pigeon in a little wooden cage and on the cage was a note demanding five thousand dollars reward if Helen was to be set free. We are going to send it, of course, but we want advice as to what else we shall do."

"I forbid it!" was the peremptory answer. "Pardon me, I mean you must do nothing of the kind—just wait a moment."

At the vehement "I forbid it!" the Private Investigator fancied he knew how Judge Varney had looked on that celebrated occasion when from the bench he had ordered the political boss who had made him a judge to restore two hundred thousand dollars of illicit gains to a defrauded corporation.

The Judge turned to Foster:

"Holmes, I'll have to take it back—the ransom note has arrived."

"Righto—I knew it," replied Foster as he drew on and buttoned up his overcoat. "I'm off—I'll have 'em all

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for you now. Just one thing—twenty-four hours you know! Do that for me in return for what I've done for you. Now for Helen!" And he dashed for the door.

Judge Varney by phone asked Mr. Edeson to await Foster's arrival and then to communicate with him.

TUBE, trolley and taxi took Foster to Montclair—and disappointment. All the way he had been picturing to himself a final triumph by nabbing the blackmailers when they should come for the money. He felt so sure of capturing them that he was a animated and almost cheerful figure when he presented himself at the Edeson door.

"Now we have the clew!" he exclaimed as the trembling hand of Mr. Edeson handed him the note. But his face fell first blank, then creased in worry as he read:

"Those who love Helen and wish her back will fasten a single $5,000 note under the wing of this messenger of the skies and set it free. It will release Helen. The ways of the air are multitudinous."

There was not even a signature. Vanished were all his high dreams of swooping down on a felon gang as its members sought to escape with the blood-money they had demanded.

Of all the animate messengers on earth the kidnappers had chosen the most elusive and the most difficult to follow—a homing pigeon. He did not need the reminder in the note to tell him that the men he had kept on reserve in expectation of a call to action against the blackmailers would not be needed.

How to pursue the unpursuable? He cudgelled his brains over his problem.

Mr. Edeson suggested tying a string to the pigeon and other useless devices, while the Private Investigator called by phone for one of whom he spoke as his "First Aid to the Worried."

"He is my publicity representative Wilkinson," he said to Mr. Edeson, whose back stiffened and eye flashed as he broke in with: "You know the agreement is that there shall be no notoriety—nothing is to be printed. It would kill my wife were it to get out. She is in a fainting condition upstairs at this moment. I must take her hope."

"Our arrangement stands," said Foster. "It will be the bitterest dose of Wilkinson's life when he gets here and finds that he can't print a line."

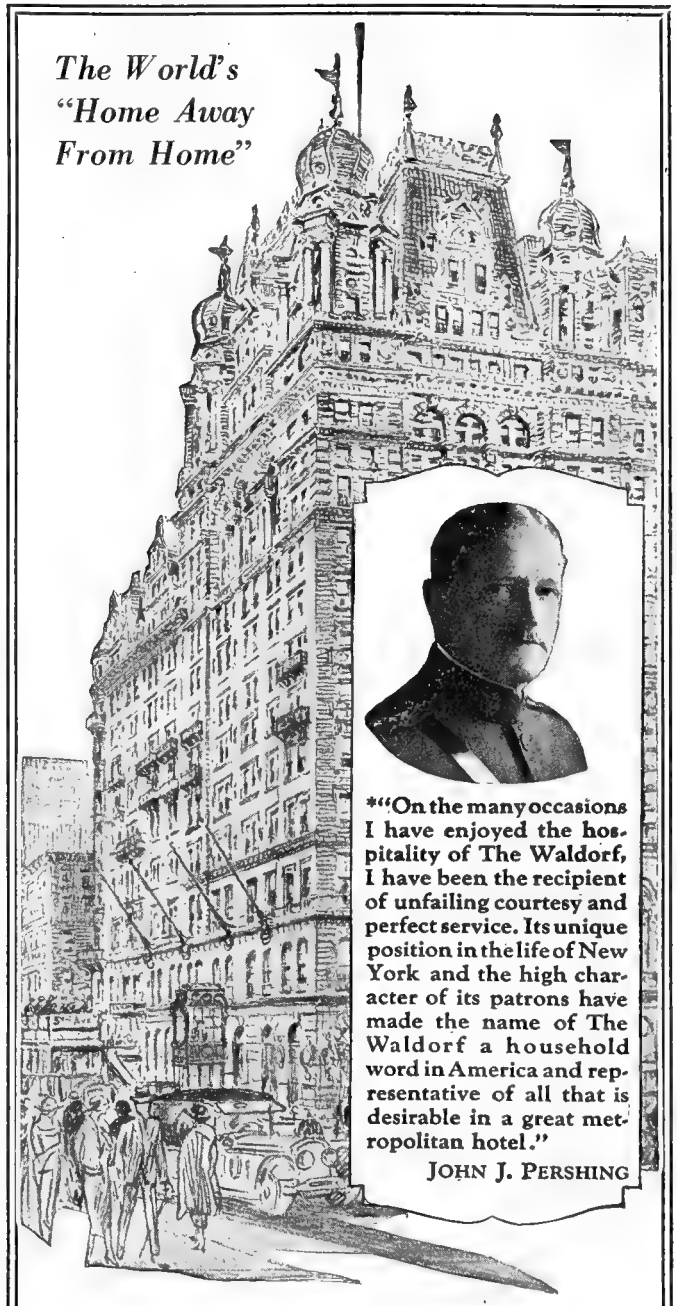
It proved more than a bitter dose. Wilkinson refused to swallow it. "No publicity—no help from me!" was his bald ultimatum. But Foster, by the use of his engaging personality and a slight intimation that if Wilkinson were obdurate their relations would cease forthwith, won his assistant's reluctant consent to stay and advise.

So the Private Investigator told of his perplexity over the mysterious messenger of the skies, adding:

"Now figure this out just as if it were a big newspaper story—what would you do?" he told the waiters.

"If I were a reporter on this case I'd trace that pigeon with—with an aeroplane. Regular newspaper stunt—and it'll work, too. By arranging matters right you can follow it with an airplane right to its roost. That's sure fire stuff—but, O mercy me, that I—little Front Page Johnny, should be sitting here reeling off real first page display stuff good for every edition, and be doing it for the purpose of keeping out of the newspapers!

"Oh, the gorgeous headlines in this! Ouch, it hurts! 'Man-bird hunts down Kidnappers' Sky Messenger' in red ink." He was writing on a pad as he spoke, and obvi-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ously admiring the result. "Or 'Swoops from Heavens to Free Captive Beauty' in 60-point Gothic caps. Why, we could write reams about 'The Prince from the Skies Rescuing the Earth-bound Princess.'"

"Stop raving!" said Foster. "Come out of the skies! What do you mean by arranging matters right? I think if we tied some long gold tinsel to the bird's legs we could follow it, and tell it from the other birds. The tinsel would glitter in the sun—well, we'd have to have a brighter day than today—that gray pigeon would get lost in ten minutes in the murk around New York on a darkish day like this. That plans all right, but we'll have to wait for a smiling sky."

"But we can't wait," broke in Mr. Edeson, "we must get to Helen at once. This $5,000 is nothing compared to recovering our daughter. We'll send the money, detectives or no detectives."

Foster had not the Judge's command of a situation.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Edeson," said he. "There is another way."

"A quick way? It must be a quick way."

"Yes, quick as anything could be. Have someone go out and buy me half a dozen lengths of the finest fishing line silk but not varnished."

"You're surely not going to try to trace a pigeon by holding on to it?"

"No, let's adjourn to the yard and when the line arrives I'll show you. Meanwhile I'll just explain that I was a surveyor in my youth. Have you a compass and a map of Montclair and of New York in the house?"

"Strange things to catch kidnappers with," was the thought of Mr. Edeson as he had an automobile guide book and a compass brought. Once in the yard Foster busied himself examining the pigeon for notes or marks of ownership. That done he ordered the bird fed lightly. "Not too many crumbs," said he, "or we shall have a sleepy courier."

"This fellow is pretty clever," he observed. "He not only has removed the brass ring that carried the pigeon's number, and so proved it a registered bird, but he also painted its leg where the ring had left a white mark. See, the pink paint comes off. Pretty painstaking."

The fish line arriving, he carefully unwound one length after another, putting the long strands in a great loose coil on the ground and carefully tying each piece to the next one. With this done he placed a clothes-pole on the ground with one end at his feet, tied the free end of the silken leash to the homer's leg and prepared to set it free.

"Why the clothes-pole?" asked the mystified Mr. Edeson.

"Necromancy?" ventured Wilkinson.

"Just watch." And Foster tossed the bird into the air. The pigeon rose flappingly, gained a little momentum, began to fly smoothly and took a spiral course, circling round and round as it ascended. The line, light as down, seemed not to bother it at all at first, but when a height of about a hundred feet was reached, the bird began to flap its wings again as if in a struggle to keep aloft. Nevertheless it slowly circled above the Edeson grounds.

Hearts were pounding there beneath it as, with Foster's purpose half guessed, the two spectators and a couple of servants anxiously watched the fluttering bird. For Mr. Edeson's great hopes of regaining his lost child rode the breeze there with the seemingly dull-witted pigeon.

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As necks grew stiff from the crooking and eyes tired of the peering against the light there came a shout from Wilkinson. "He's headed home," he shouted, and started to run in the direction of the bird's finally determined line of flight. As if he could race a carrier-bird to its roost—a homing pigeon, almost the swiftest of god's creatures and known to be as fast as wind. His had been the impulse of the news reporter—to follow a story instantly.

"A bootless dash," thought Mr. Edeson, but Foster put it to use:

"Stop there as near under the silk line as you can get," he called to Wilkinson, while he ordered a servant to turn the clothes-pole in such fashion that it would lie on the ground directly under the now slowly out-running line. The pigeon was making only slight headway against the handicap.

Now first Foster satisfied himself that the bird was taking a straight course, then that Wilkinson and the clothes-pole correctly indicated the angle of the course. Then he started to hand the line to a servant, thought better of it, and began to carefully pull down the pigeon himself. "No chance of losing him if I pull him back," was his explanation.

Then, with the homer back safely in his cage, Foster explained what the spectators had half-guessed. "As I said, I was a surveyor in my youth and many is the time I have lain out on the hills surrounding Washington and marked on the map of the city the site of some high landmark merely by sighting it from two or three points on the surrounding hills and then drawing lines on the charts in the directions indicated by the sextant and compass in each case. Where the lines met was my objective.

"Now today I am surveying again—doing triangulation as before, except that now the pigeon is my sextant. The rest of the apparatus I have here in the clothes-pole and Wilkinson, who are my sighting guides, and the compass. I shall lay down the line thus obtained, for we must trust to the belief that a homing pigeon, once it has obtained its bearings, as this one did, flies arrow-straight towards its home—and shall plot it out on the map of New York."

Suiting action to speech, he carefully drew on the automobile map the southeasterly trending line that corresponded to the direction taken by his pigeon pointer. It ran freely over hill and dale through Belleville, touched Bayonne, close to Jersey City, leaped the bay, crossed Brooklyn north of Gravesend Bay, passed Coney Island and betook itself to sea in Jamaica Bay.

"Now for the triangulation," said Foster. "I shall take this bird and our eager friend Wilkinson here to two other points, from each of which I shall set it free as far as the line goes and mark its direction. When the three lines are plotted we shall know within a mile where its home nest is.

"Then we shall take it nearer to its roost and repeat the performance. In that way we shall locate the roost within a block or two. The rest is easy. Unless all pigeons are liars, we'll have Miss Helen before night, Mr. Edeson."

"Let us pray," was the simple answer, and three heads bowed in petition—the distressed one of the banker, the carefree one of Wilkinson, and the romantically hopeful one of Foster.

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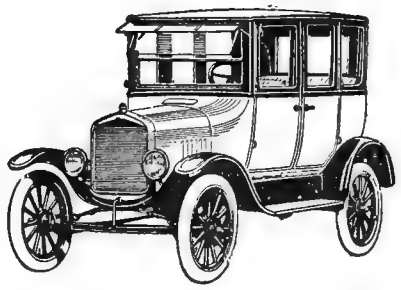

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INDIVIDUAL AND BUSINESS ACCOUNTS INVITED

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AUSPICIOUS as was the start the end was not yet. Foster took the bird to the Weehawken Heights along Palisade Boulevard and in a good open space repeated his experiment. Again the pigeon flew southeast, but this time on a line more to the south. This second line crossed the first at Coney Island, where Gravesend Bay laves shores that once received the imprint of eight thousand landing British troops.

The next move was to the automombile circle atop Lookout Mountain in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The bird was quick to decide here and dashed off almost due south in the general direction of Manhattan Beach, where on that December day ocean breezes were certainly at play.

It was growing late, but Foster, using his motor for quick transit, ran out the Ocean Parkway to the Brighton Beach district. Here he made the fourth cast with his living divining rod. The pigeon hardly circled before darting off on a bee line into the growing dusk to eastward. It was headed almost straight along the line of Plum Island, where the United States Army and the squatters hold summer sway, over the chill and empty bungalows of that deserted colony and directly for the cold, chill waters of Jamaica Bay.

"This pigeon must be a duck," said Wilkinson, "or else a liar pure and simple."

"Maybe the gang's hangout is on Plum Island," was Foster's guess.

"Poor aim, old man. Nobody could hide out on Plum Island this time of year. Kidnappers might as well carry a brass band with them as to do that. It's a fine place when the crowd is camping there in summer, but in winter everybody in Sheepshead Bay would know if anyone moved on Plum Island. Guess again."

"Well, he may be headed for Far Rockaway."

"Not if he's the infallible prognosticator you have cracked him up to be. That wouldn't match with the line he struck out from Prospect Park."

Foster was a man of quick decisions. With a flurry of the motor he turned his car for Neck road, which cuts across this section of Brooklyn near Jamaica Bay, and so arrived at Flatbush avenue, down which he sped with lights blazing until he came to its end, where the great causeway to the Rockaways is to have its beginning.

The last dull-ember reds of the setting sun were fading behind snow-topped Bay Ridge when he loosed a sleepy-eyed pigeon for its fifth try for home that day. The bird was alert enough, however, and sailed directly out over Gerritsen's Beach in a headlong dash for the entrance to Jamaica Bay.

"The only sea-going pigeon in the universe. Step up and see the amphibious pigeon," sing-songed Wilkinson as the discouraged Foster reeled in the bird.

"There's something very queer about this," was Foster's comment. "These last two tries have indicated some point out in the bay. Of course, it simply couldn't be. The only thing we can do now, I guess, is to get your aeroplane after it."

"Something very queer. Unnatural I calls it when a dryland bird like a pigeon takes to gulling around with the fish and the crabs out here. I wouldn't dare send this story to the newspapers. They'd run me out of town for a nature-faker."

"Where can we get a plane?" came back the practical-minded Foster. "We've got to get to Helen in the morning." The romantic color of the man seemed to have faded with the sunset reds. He was just drab practicality now.

ENSUED a busy evening with the telephone from Foster's city quarters and in the early morning a descent on the Sheepshead Bay shore by the little army that Foster maintained. His two best men were disposed at the end of Emmons avenue near Plum Island, another trusted lieutenant was on the northern shore of the Rockaway Point, a mile and a half overseas, watching for any signs of the carrier-pigeon. His one man who was experienced in flying was with a hurriedly-arranged-for aeroplane that was to take off from the old Motordrome plain at a set hour in the morning.

A careful man with strict instructions that the pigeon was to be set free just as the airplane arrived overhead at eight-thirty, held the pigeon closely caged, its left leg ornamented with a streamer of gold tinsel that was counted on to flash its whereabouts even if the bird itself were lost to sight.

The last two men of his retinue were in a swift motorboat with Foster himself in the entrance to Sheepshead Bay, and Wilkinson was in another swift skimmer of the seas stationed half a mile north of the Rockaway coast.

"Army, Navy, Marines, Flying Corps and Artillery all on the job," Wilkinson had joked in reviewing the array. The last word had accompanied his taking of his revolver from a hip pocket and putting it in his coat pocket.

"Only thing neglected is motor transport and ambulance service," he continued, "and say, chief, you had better leave your car here with motor running for the men to take if this guide of ours takes it into its fool head to shoot inland or up a crek. However, if it holds to its tricks of last night we're apt to need submarines to follow it." With the parting shot, "Get the newspaper boys in line, chief. All ready! camera! shoot!" he departed for his post while Foster sighed in relief.

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Eight-thirty came and close behind it the great hum of a thousand hives of bees came rolling over the Flatlands truck farms. The gray soarer soon arrived over the pigeon rendezvous, signalled and circled. The keeper of the bird shot it upward into the air, just ahead of—although far below—the onrushing monster of the skies. The skyman dropped a smoke bomb as a signal to all concerned and a chase was on that was to lead to fame and heart's best fortune as Foster saw it—to a crackerjack story that couldn't be printed, as Wilkinson saw it—to a novel bit of sport as the goggled airman saw it, and to just another rescue as the other detectives saw it.

The pigeon, hampered by its golden decoration, flew rather slowly and the airplane, its engine speeded up for any need, had to dip and climb while its cabined observer leaned far out in frantic effort to keep the pigeon in sight.

The bird kept true to its last pointings of the night before. It headed straight out into Jamaica Bay and as it passed the last outpost of Manhattan Beach a snorting motor-boat took up the chase as far below the flying guide as the airplane was above it. Far away across the waters Wilkinson's speed launch moved eastward along the Rockaway shore to get straight ahead of the easily seen aeroplane.

Ocean and sky cruisers headed almost due southeast with the early sun just giving a rosy tinge to the waters and gradually melting the slight mist of the cool night. Above and below pilot and steersman were alike coming to believe that they would be carried over to Rockaway when the glistening trail of the pigeon suddenly flirted downward. Looking close in whorl of mists about Barren Island the four hunters watched for a ripple if the bird should fall.

Suddenly Foster threw his helm hard over—for dead ahead, just where the pigeon had darted down, loomed the partly revealed shape of a small shanty boat. A dingy, dun little fishing boat with a queer box on the roof of the shack. Here was mystery even in the solution of mystery.

Foster's pistol was out as with one hand he forced the left side of his wheel down and still at good speed swept curvingly to one side of the silent, slightly rocking boat.

Foster, the imperturbable, Foster, the cool of head, Foster, the master of circumstance, forgot all his steadiness and impetuously stepped up on the gunwale to make a leap to the boat of mystery. The swerve of his own launch made the leap impractical and he had to stay aboard, impotent. From the deck of his boat he could see up over the roof of the smaller craft, and there, settling on a perch inside a wire cage and already preening its feathers was a golden-tailed gray pigeon. His messenger of the skies! So this marine roost was its home!

The man's heart gave a great surge and one of those elemental cries that rise up at times from the most controlled of us sprang from his lips.

"Helen!" he shouted. And never did knight-errant on rescue of fair maiden bent ever put more heart into it.

There came as answer nothing. Just silence—and little wave noises. Could it be that that great roaring overhead that was the man-bird had drowned his voice.

As the airplane shot by at eighty miles an hour Foster circled his more easily maneuvered boat and cried again: "Helen!" Again no answer. Only lapping of the waves. The Private Investigator headed the launch direct at the silent and now sinister-looking shack-boat.

(To be continued)

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The Conqueror

(*Continued from page* 19)

believe in myself and I am going to prove to you what I can do. I am going to get a real habit and show you how I'll cure it. I'll win your faith again, Helene, by doing something that will make everyone sit up and take notice. I'll set a pattern for the whole world to follow.

"If I could not conquer a habit like this I'd be better dead anyway. I'd want to die." A banging door put a clipped period to his words and Helene saw him not again in Philadelphia.

HELENE'S inquiries at his home the next day revealed that Walter had not slept there but had taken a couple of suits of clothes and left, telling his parents that he was off for New York. With so much told, Commissioner Simon tried to gain from Helene and later from the boy's parents some clew to where he might be staying in New York.

BOTH sweetheart and family had already inquired at every place they could think of for tracing Walter in the metropolis but without avail. Neither his New York friends nor the hotels that he had been accustomed to stop at, on frequent jaunts north, had any recent record of him.

His family had come to the conclusion that he had gone off on a trip with some chum. They of course did not know of his quarrel with Helene and of his talk of becoming a conqueror of habits.

"Doctor! Doctor!" Helene cried as he set out on his return to his post, "I've just the same as dug a grave for him and thrown him into it. But you and I together may be able to save him yet. If he has really taken to drugs you will certainly hear from him through some of your connections and then his father can go to New York and rescue him."

"It will be like pulling him out of the grave if he has really started," said Commissioner Simon, "but there are some things on our side. He is young and in good health and apt to react against the drug unless this pique he acted on should be stronger than it is in most persons."

"Oh, you don't know him—he is the stubbornest individual alive and will cling to it even if it means death," and Helene burst into tears.

"Doctor, I am going to try to go to New York and help you. There is just one thing that may bring Walter out of hiding and I'll try it. If I am near him and in danger and need him I am sure he will come to me. He is chivalry itself."

"I have it!" and she clapped her hands in happy belief that she had found a solution for the difficulty. "We'll advertise over my name and appeal to him to come to me at some hotel. If you don't hear from him within two days I'll come to New York and we'll do that."

"A fine move, Miss Helene," said Commissioner Simon. "That may bring him to the surface. As it now stands we are practically helpless because we have no way of gaining influence over him. To talk to him we must reach him first and that's the hard thing. There is one good point, however. He is a minor and his father can control him as soon as we can lay hands on him."

THUS it was that there appeared in all the Sunday papers one week last August:

> Walter C——— Am in dire distress and need your assistance at once. Call or phone me this morning. Helene Chadsey, Hotel ———.

All that Sunday and most of Monday a couple of Commissioner Simon's trusty men, idling in the onyx lobby of the hotel, watched and waited.

Far above stairs Walter's father and Helene fumed and fretted in a tiny room, far too nervous to be able to compose themselves to read or to do more than glance at the papers. They alternately went to the windows to watch the flying squadrons of Broadway and returned to quietly open the door and peek down the hall. But neither on the asphalt of the city's central thoroughfare nor on the padded scarlet hall-carpet did they espy Walter.

"Call this morning" the "ad" read, but morning passed, afternoon passed, evening passed, without word. Unstrung by the long wait, Helene threw herself on the bed sobbing.

Mr. Chubbleigh, who never had been told of her part in his boy's determination to play Don Quixote to the windmills of King Morphia, clumsily tried to comfort her.

The more he assured her that they were sure to find Walter the more the conviction grew in her distraught brain that Walter would not be found. She flung herself face down on the bed. And there, amid paroxysms of sobs, Helene applied, as she thought, logic to the case.

"I made him do it! Therefore I must find him—it's up to me," was her thought.

With that conclusion came a high resolve and with that decision comparative peace of mind. So sleep came to her.

IN the weeks that followed Commissioner Simon was busy with the routine of his office; saving the lives of the rifraff of drug addicts who were brought into his rooms—often in a condition of real peril from overdoses—conducting raids in many sections, from the marble-halled apartments of Riverside Drive to the gas lighted, fetid back rooms of Chinatown; lecturing first to good government clubs of women and next to a crowd of potential addicts in a reform school; keeping a sharp lookout on the men of the sea who bring in tiny packages of cocaine and heroin under their jackets as they leave ships that are tied up along New York's hundreds of miles of waterfronts. In the midst of this criss-cross of duties his thoughts reverted from time to time to the missing Walter Chubbleigh.

His little squad of men who were watching the east side from elevated stations in the hopes of catching peddlers of drugs or posing along the luxurious west side as rich dealers in the various extracts—all of these were kept constantly on the watch for the youth who would be both martyr and conqueror.

There are not many things that go on in the little world of the narcotic fiends that Commissioner Simon does not hear of with reasonable promptitude because a peculiarity of the drug fiends is that they are prone to come to headquarters with stories that result in the arrest of the men who have sold drugs to them. With the aid of such as these Commissioner Simon has his hand held fairly close on the pulse of the drug traffic.

Yet through the busy weeks of August and September he could get no word of what had become of Walter Chubbleigh. It was as though the impossible had happened; as if a fine new, clean pebble had been thrown in the sea of drugs without causing a ripple.

(*Continued on page* 60)

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The Conqueror

(*Continued from page* 58)

And then one night as the Commisioner was adjusting a heavy piece of hardware in his hip pocket preparatory to the raid of what has since become famous as the "Raid on the Tongs," Detective Stevens brought in a strange word.

"You know that joint I've been watching on Sixty-eighth Street, Commissioner, the one we weren't able to get into—a strange thing happened there to-night. You know all the regulars up there are either black or yellow—at least all we have seen. Well, this afternoon after two fellows had given the signal knock on the door we were able to follow them by jumping over the bannister on the stairs right behind them. We took out everybody in the joint and the magistrate held twelve of them for examination.

"But that wasn't what I came to tell you about. I was left there to look for hidden dope. They took away a dozen or so sets of opium pipes. Then who should come knocking at the door but one of the prettiest girls I ever laid eyes on—and Commissioner she was white!

"She certainly didn't know it was a black and yellow joint, because when I opened the door she said 'I would like to step in, please, to look for a friend of mine who I hear smokes here.'

"So I let her in. You could see by her eyes—brilliant and as hard as diamonds—that she was either using drugs or was mighty excited. 'What does your friend look like?' says I, not letting on who I am.

" 'Why, he was almost six feet tall, a wonderful pink complexion.' Trust a woman to think of that as a description. 'And golden curls and a fine figure.'

"Except for the golden curls that was some wonderful description to find a man by.

" 'How was he dressed?' says I. 'That's about the only way we would know him.'

" 'Why, the last time we saw him he wore a light grey tweed suit and a Panama hat, but I don't know what he is wearing now, as that was in the summer.'

" 'You're after a white man, aren't you, miss?'

"Her eyes opened wide at this. 'Who else could I mean?'

" 'Didn't you know this joint was run by negroes?' said I.

" 'Was run? What do you mean?'

" 'Was run is right,' says I. 'I am a police officer.'

"At that she cringed back against the wall with a cry.

" 'I didn't know—I was looking for a young man that disappeared here six weeks ago, and I heard just today that he used to smoke opium here.'

" 'Come in and sit down, miss, I want to know something about this,' says I.

"At this she told me that a peddler she knew—she didn't say how she knew him—had told her a lot about the young man she was looking for. He had been buying cocaine from the peddler, but had dropped it and had started to smoke opium and take heroin at the same time.

" 'Where is the peddler?' says I. 'Oh, I couldn't tell you that,' says she, 'as he is my only clew to Walter.'

" 'Do you mean the young man from Philadelphia that we are all looking for?' I broke in. 'Because we have orders to report anything about him. Now, what is it you know, miss?'

" 'Only what the peddler told me. There was a smoking flat at No. 2— Sixty-eighth Street, he said, on the

(*Continued on page* 62)

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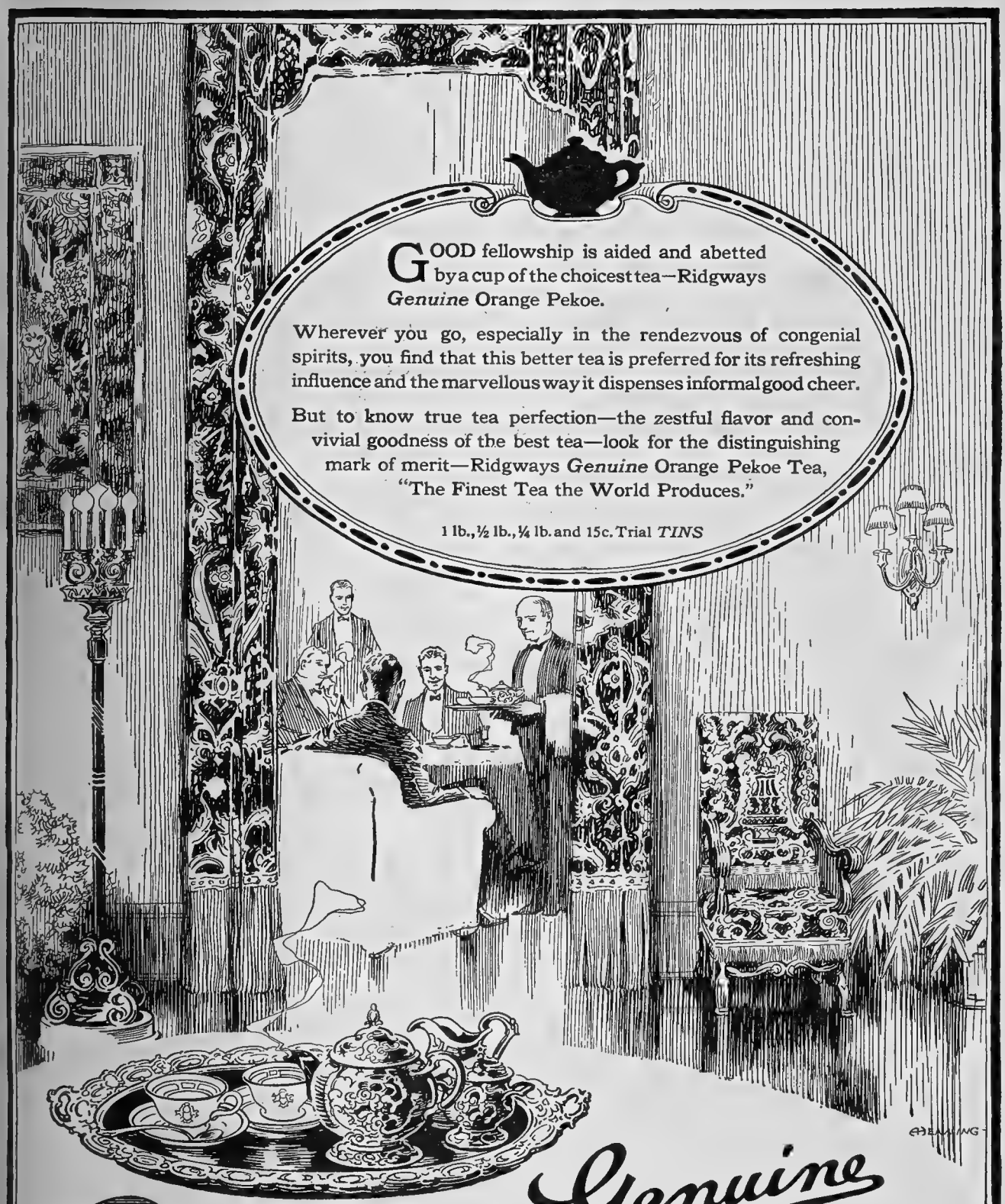

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(*Continued from page* 60)

third floor, and his customer had told him he lived there. He thought the man was an escaped convict and was keeping under cover, because he came out to buy drugs only at night.'

"'Well, miss, you have the address right and the flat, but we have been watching this place for two weeks, and we haven't seen the least sign of any white man near here. We arrested half a dozen dope peddlers, but they are all darkies.' And then a bright idea struck me.

"'Where was this peddler when you saw him?'

"'Down on Forty-seventh Street around the corner from Broadway.'

"'Must have some theatrical trade, then,' says I.

"'Yes. He has some,' says she. 'It was through pretending to be in a burlesque company that I got him to sell me——'

"'Sell you! You're not buying——?'

"'Certainly. How else could I get trace of Walter?'

"All this had driven out of my mind the idea I had. So I got back to it. 'Did this peddler say East or West Sixty-eighth Street?'

"'Why, I don't know. Are there two?'

"'Yes. This is West Sixty-eighth Street. Maybe the place you are looking for is over on East Sixty-eighth.'

"She made a move as if to clap her hands, but dropped them as if too tired to do even that. 'Maybe that is the trouble,' says she. 'I'll go right over there.'

"'No. You just wait till I can go with you,' says I. 'That will be as soon as I get relief here!'

"But she wouldn't wait and made off across the park to try her luck. Here is the address, Commissioner"—and the detective handed over a slip bearing a house and street number.

What the Commissioner said to the detective will not bear repeating and the man was, in his own opinion, a most abused person when he was told that if he didn't find that girl in 24 hours he would be put back in a uniform for rank stupidity.

"Take your partner with you and don't come back without her," said the Commissioner.

"Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you. You won't find her at 2— East Sixty-eighth Street because we raided that place and cleaned it out this morning. We took out two men and two women, but Walter Chubbleigh was not there. I was in the raid myself and I know."

When the detective had gone Commissioner Simon called in two other men who had been in the raid of the previous morning and told them to interview the prisoners and the one or two servants who had been let go as to Walter Chubbleigh. "Get any trace of him you can," was the order.

Events moved swiftly after that, for that evening Detective Stevens called the Commissioner at his house, telling him that he was on the trail of the pretty blonde and had learned that she was seen buying heroin in front of an east side cafe near Sixty-seventh Street and Third Avenue. The cafe owner had been arrested soon afterward, but the girl had gone.

"Besides, he says he never saw Chubbleigh," reported Stevens.

Meanwhile the other detectives assigned to the interrogation of the men and women from the Sixty-eighth Street house learned that a man had lived there who answered the description of Walter except that he was haggard of face and dull of eye and unkempt of appearance. He had been smoking opium in the East Sixty-eighth Street apartment up to about a day before the raid. Then he seemed to become alarmed about something and had vanished, the dark-skinned proprietor said. The youth had told him that he never remained in one place more than a week.

"Where has he gone? That's the question now," shot back Commissioner Simon. The answer was a shake of the head.

At this juncture the Commissioner sounded what was practically a general alarm to watch all suspected houses throughout the city for trace of Walter and Helene. Dr. Simon was now sure that the girl was Helene, and the thought that she might be following in the footsteps of Walter was bitter. This man who fights the drug fiend keeps regular hours no more than does the fiend himself. Though it was now the middle of the night he left his home to take command of his little army of detectives.

All of the New York's underworld remembers that night—the Night of the Twenty Raids. Into the parlors of the fine apartment houses where so-called bridge parties were mere gatherings of addicts who, if not of the better class were at least of the wealthier one, the strong arm of the law intruded that night. Also it invaded to the back room of a certain east side cellar, where were caught two much-wanted safe crackers and two ex-convicts known for their burglarious propensities. Likewise pinochle clubs where cocaine was handed out after the card games were visited. Little gatherings of the less fortunate folk of the stage who sought to forget the miseries of a hand-to-mouth existence in the queer dreams that came from a puff of white powder were combed over. Chinatown yielded what is now rather rare, a real opium den, but neither Walter nor Helene were seen.

IT was almost twenty-four hours later that Doctor Simon learned from one of his men that a rather talkative prisoner captured in an Astor Place joint had, in exchange for a dose of heroin, given what might be a clew to the Philadelphia youth's whereabouts.

"He told me that he wanted to go the limit," said this informer, "so he was going to join a 'mob' of loft burglars and yeggmen he had come across that were 'blowing snow' and smoking hop at the same time." He meant they were simultaneously taking heroin and smoking opium.

"This 'mob' has a safe-cracking job ahead out near Baltimore somewhere and the chances are this young fellow you are looking for has gone down there with them," was the utmost of information the fellow could give.

As time went on it seemed to Doctor Simon that the poor drug fiend must have spoken truth, for no word of the handsome missing lad came to him.

Through the Philadelphia police he learned that Helene had left home and the obvious conclusion was that she was in New York and seeking by direct methods to overtake the young man who had started ahead of her on the downgrade that leads to Inferno.

Try as he would, however, the Commissioner was unable to get any more information. He sent inquiries to Philadelphia and Baltimore and the police there combed the better known narcotic hang-outs of those cities without any result.

COOL October was past and blustery November was beating about the city when there came word to the Commissioner through a devious underground channel that a man like the one he had never stopped searching

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for had been but recently let out of a drug-cure institution near Norfolk, Virginia.

Over the long distance telephone Commissioner Simon verified that a young man who gave the name of William Bracket and answered the description of the missing youth, had been sent to the drug cure for thirty days and had been released, supposedly almost cured. The Norfolk police made stirring comment at the end of the talk: "It's funny, but you are the second party that's been looking for Bracket. A beautiful lady was here searching for the boy, too, and she burst into tears when we told her that we had released him."

What pitiful journeyings to and fro, what tremendous privations lay behind all this the Commissioner was never to know.

THE record remained a blank until in January there came a telegram from New Orleans:

"Sailor on tramp schooner here says she had to put in to Havana to place in a hospital man answering the description of your Walter Chubbleigh. Schooner had been delayed in trip from Baltimore and his supply of drugs had given out, so he was in almost dying condition."

The prompt telegram to Havana brought reply in excellent Spanish that a blond man, twenty, and born in Philadelphia, had been in the hospital there, but that the doctors, by administering doses of heroin, had relieved him. Having been discharged, he was supposed to have shipped on a steamer for Jamaica and the United States.

Now there was set a watch on all the suspected or proved drug establishments on the waterfronts. Longshoremen, for some unrevealed reason connected with their work—and possibly for other reasons—are rather addicted to drugs, so it was to their resorts that Commissioner Simon first directed his search.

THE winter months passed and little hints of spring were in the air before news came of anything that might afford a clue to these two who once had been godchildren of fortune, but were now children of misfortune.

The first word was in a little newspaper paragraph telling of a radio appeal from an itinerant steamer to the surgeon of a great Southern liner for some method of helping a man who had been deprived of heroin. The surgeon had given good advice and word had come back that the man was a bit relieved and was to be landed at the next port.

Watch was kept up on the New York piers and the police also asked the Norfolk department to be on the watch for the boy. Dr. Simon must needs content himself with this, since efforts to reach the tramp steamer by radio failed.

BY this time the case had so obsessed the Commissioner that his daily life was colored by the thought of what might be done to relieve the ill fortune of the two trusting children who had put themselves in the power of King Morphia.

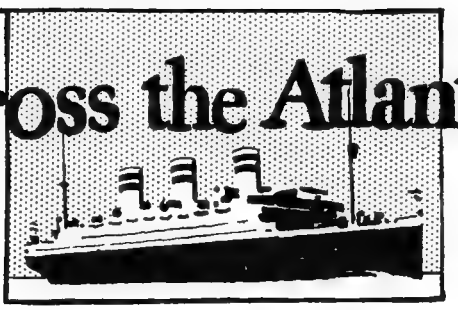
Then one morning his office phone brought him a strange message.

"This is Helene Chadsey, Doctor, back in New York. Have you heard anything of Walter? I have hunted all over the South for him and I can't find a trace."

"Where are you?" asked the eager Commissioner.

"Oh, I can't tell you that, Doctor, I can't see anyone."

"across the Atlantic"



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"But you must, my dear, you must see me."

"No, Doctor!"

"We have word of him, that is, we know where he is," was the ready-witted reply. "Come and see me and we can arrange to get him."

"I can't come, Doctor, I can't let anyone see me, but if only Walter would come."

"My dear girl, tell me where you are and I will bring Walter to you as soon as I can get him."

"Only if you will promise not to come yourself or send anyone."

"I can't promise that, Helene."

Meanwhile, of course, the other phone that always stands sentinel-like on the desk, was being used by the Commissioner's assistant, Lieutenant Mooney. He had a supervisor report where the girl was calling from, but Helene hung up just as he learned that she had been in a pay booth near the Summit Avenue tube station in Jersey City.

A quick call to the special officers at the station sent them hurrying to the drug store whence the call had come.

But they were too late and the police had to spend four days searching the neighborhood before they could find her hiding place. They had passed it many times—the meanest looking rookery in all the district and one inhabited by a rough-looking crowd of longshoremen.

There on the fourth floor in a little attic room they found the girl or her who had once been a girl.

What story of degradation and privation was behind her flight she never was able to reveal. Tuberculosis and the effects of heroin had combined to weaken her to a point where, even though she was taken immediately to a hospital, the doctors were unable to revive her for more than a few moments at a time. On these pitiful occasions this girl who seven months before had been a belle in her own little set was able only to whisper. And then she spoke only of Walter. There came a day when she could not even do that.

FOR several days thereafter men with clean-cut faces that glowed with the color of health were rather conspicuous in places wherein the pasty face of the addict was the common countenance. So it was, too, in the longshoremen's hangouts, places in which the peddlers of dope find their best hunting ground, places in which men who labor sweatingly in deep holds or on freezing piers spend out of each day's earnings five and six dollars for narcotics. Here new hangers-on were to be seen—men who had orders not to interfere with the activities of the places they visited. Their orders—and they came from Headquarters—were to watch solely for any word of the handsome lad who had so long before dared the power of King Morphia.

Sitting at the centre of the web he had laid for the return of Walter Chubbleigh, Commissioner Simon waited day by day for a tremor of one of the strands to tell him that at last the much-sought-for lad was back within his reach. Waited impatiently.

On a harried afternoon of many exasperations he had at last got rid of the current death threat and had concentrated on the new estate up the Hudson that had been put at his disposal by a philanthropist. Three men who had stumbled into the maze ruled by King Morphia and were unable to find their way out were to be sent after the Narcotic Division had rescued them and institutions had treated them. There they were to have opportunity

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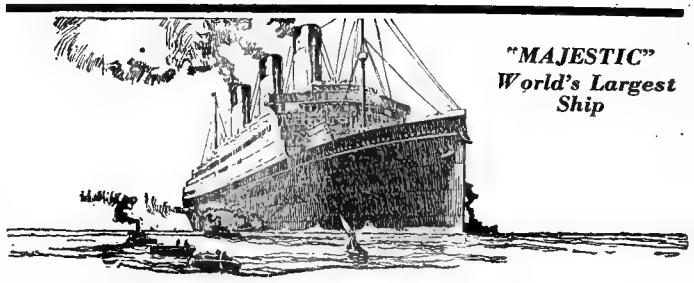

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in God's free air and sunshine and the companionship of real men to thoroughly rebuild themselves.

"The greatest thing we have done yet," Commissioner Simon said to himself.

The door came ajar and the Commissioner shot to his feet.

With warm welcome in his heart he strode to the man standing in the opening. "I was just thinking of you, Walter," he said with a touch of the fatherly in his voice. "I have a place now where I can send you. We'll fix you up and make a man of you again."

There was no response except a flash of the eyes. Ah! those eyes that had once been so splendid. Now they were more the eyes of a child that has just been whipped. They had been brave—they were furtive. They had been brilliant—they were dull and sullen. They had been clear—they were bloodshot. They had been frank and honest—they were sneakish. In them was told a long, long story.

"Why, Walter, what's wrong? You've come back to be fixed up, haven't you?"

For answer the man who had once been erect, lithe—the suggestion of a statue by Phidias—slumped into the doctor's arms.

"An overdose—rather die than be a slave," he murmured. "Don't want to live if I can't conquer it."

Even as the lad spoke the Commissioner stripped as for a fray. Calling help from the adjoining office and beginning the ministrations that are only for those on whom the Great Shadow has fallen, he paused for just one question.

"Then why did you come back here?"

"Couldn't do this on the ship—my people'd never know. You'll tell them—after. Trust in you. Tell Helene not to wait—no use—I couldn't conquer. You know address?"

The doctor could only nod. The man's fingers already were a dread blue—as sure an indication of the approach of the Greatest of Emancipators as is the blue turn of litmus paper of the presence of alkali.

FIRST sending for his own car the Commissioner tried a last resort. A stimulant was his need, but he drew not on the emergency case at his hand. Instead he shouted:

"Walter! Helene needs you! Helene needs you! Rouse yourself and help save her."

But there was no response.

The blue, white and green shield on the Commissioner's car was never put to better use than it was that day in getting through the traffic to the northward as he made the run to Bellevue with Walter Chubbleigh in his car.

Of the battle that was waged that night to save a life the details would be important if the outcome had been different. But what matter they in view of the fact that at that hour which is supposed to most frequently bring the end to human sufferings Commissioner Simon had to surrender. In the early hours of the morning he and the white-coated chief surgeon of Bellevue and two internes dropped the task at which they had been steadily engaged for eight hours. A few minutes later the interne in charge began writing on a card of blue.

The Medical Examiner made a record of the case, entering opposite the name and address the word "suicide." He might have filled out in the column devoted to "Accused of the slaying" the words—KING MORPHIA—CONQUEROR.

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

MONTHLY OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Published by Police Publishing Co., 487 Broadway, New York
Canal 9770
Second-class postal permit applied for
ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager
GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager

(Copyright, 1924)

Vol. I NEW YORK, N. Y., JUNE, 1924 No. 2

Established

POLICE MAGAZINE is—as its second number goes to press—already a strongly established success.

It made an instantaneous hit with the public, achieving an eighty per cent sale on the larger newsstands in a few days and selling out soon afterward on three-fourths of the stands.

Such records have been made by only a few other magazines, and in their cases only by extensive preparation and advertising.

Police Magazine had only the slightest aid of this kind. Its sale has been the result of a genuine public demand. From day to day various cities have ordered large increases in their supplies of this number. A healthy unsatisfied appetite for the new publication evidently exists.

So much for the general public craving for red-blooded reading that is stamped with truth. The response of the police departments throughout the nation has also been encouraging in the highest degree. From all parts of the United States, and from Europe and South America as well, have come commendations reinforced by substantial appreciation in the form of paid subscriptions.

In the New York Department various great organizations of the men have voluntarily taken action toward seeing that all their members buy the magazine. The Lieutenants, the Sergeants, and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Associations—the last-named 10,000 strong—and the General Lafayette Post of the American Legion—which is the largest post in the country—have officially endorsed Police Magazine and urged their members, including thousands of retired men, to buy it. The point about these actions is that each organization moved of its own volition.

Approval of the magazine came also from many official quarters. The very highest officials of the United States Government sent words of praise and officers of New York state and city sent congratulations. Experts in the publication field were also kind enough to praise our first effort. In one case the editor of an important London magazine of the same type sent warm congratulations by cable.

The newspapers of New York and many other cities commented on the first number of the magazine extensively. In the ten columns of matter devoted to the first number of the magazine in the New York papers the general comment was that it was deeply interesting and surprisingly fine in appearance.

It will be breaking no confidence to say that one or two papers would have testified to the contrary if opportunity had offered.

An important feature of the Magazine on its first appearance was its high-class and attractive advertising. This and succeeding issues will be marked by the same character of announcements. It can safely be said that no other publication in a simliar field has ever presented such an array of real bids for business—as distinguished from that class of advertising that is inserted for other than business reasons.

The advertisers in Police Magazine have confidence in it as a publication of general circulation and strong appeal, and Police Magazine has confidence in them and commends them to its readers.

These advertisers of ours are really a select assembly—since announcements for our pages must pass several rigorous tests. Our advertising family is increasing in numbers rapidly—a fact that affords a real test of the impression made by the magazine.

Harding Memorial Helped

THE following letter, which records the spontaneous response of the New York Police Department to an appeal for money for the Harding Memorial Fund is only one of many evidences of the warm human sympathy that animates the force.

THE HARDING MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
130 East 15th Street, New York

Dear Commissioner Enright:

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to acknowledge your letter enclosing five checks, aggregating $1,792.40, toward the Harding Memorial Fund, which was handed to us by Mrs. Olive Stott Gabriel, Chairman of our New York Women's Committee.

The checks will be sent to our General Treasurer, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, at Washington, from where certificates of Associate Membership will be mailed to the contributors.

Thanking you on behalf of our Committee and personally for your co-operation,

Very sincerely, A. WILLIAM.

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Push Police Bureau Bill

EXCELLENT progress in the work of pushing through Congress the Kindred bill to establish a National Police Bureau in Washington was reported at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the International Police Conference held in New York Police Headquarters on May 16. President Enright and his fellow members of the committee that appeared before the House Judiciary Committee reported that they expected the bill to be approved by the committee. The Executive Committee voted to use every effort to have the bill reported and passed during the present session of Congress and recommended continued efforts on the part of the membership at large.

An allied matter was the proposal to establish liason officers as representatives of American police in London and Berlin. The Conference expects to send men to these cities, and expects several foreign countries to send police representatives to the United States. The Executive Committee approved the tentative plan for holding the next convention of the International Police Conference in New York City May 12 to 16, 1925.

A move that will result in a greater facility of communication between Police Departments, both in the United States and abroad, was the adoption of the new official telegraphic code of the International Conference.

In furtherance of the Conference's program for the standardization of traffic regulations and signs and signals the Executive Committee adopted the set of signs and signals approved by the Committee on Traffic and recommended that they be put in operation throughout the United States as soon as possible. Several hundred towns and cities are already using the standardized signals and the signs based on the arrow which were approved by the Conference Traffic Committee.

For the further betterment of traffic conditions the Committee favored the drafting of a standard traffic law for all sections of North America, the law to contain the best elements of the various existing State laws. The plan is to place the bill before the various State legislatures and to urge its enactment. A digest of all the State laws on the subject showed that there was wide variation in the provisions for the control of traffic.

The members of the Committee voiced general approval of Senator Copeland's bill to prohibit the entry into the United States of certain firearms and to levy an excise tax on their manufacture, sale and distribution.

The Committee asked the larger Police Departments to adopt the Distant Fingerprint Identification System devised by Mr. Hakon Joergensen of Copenhagen.

Resolutions of sympathy and regret were passed in the cases of the deaths of Chief Constable W. R. Whatley, of Hamilton, Ont., a member of the Executive Committee, and of R. G. Chamberlain, commissioner of the Dominion of Canada police.

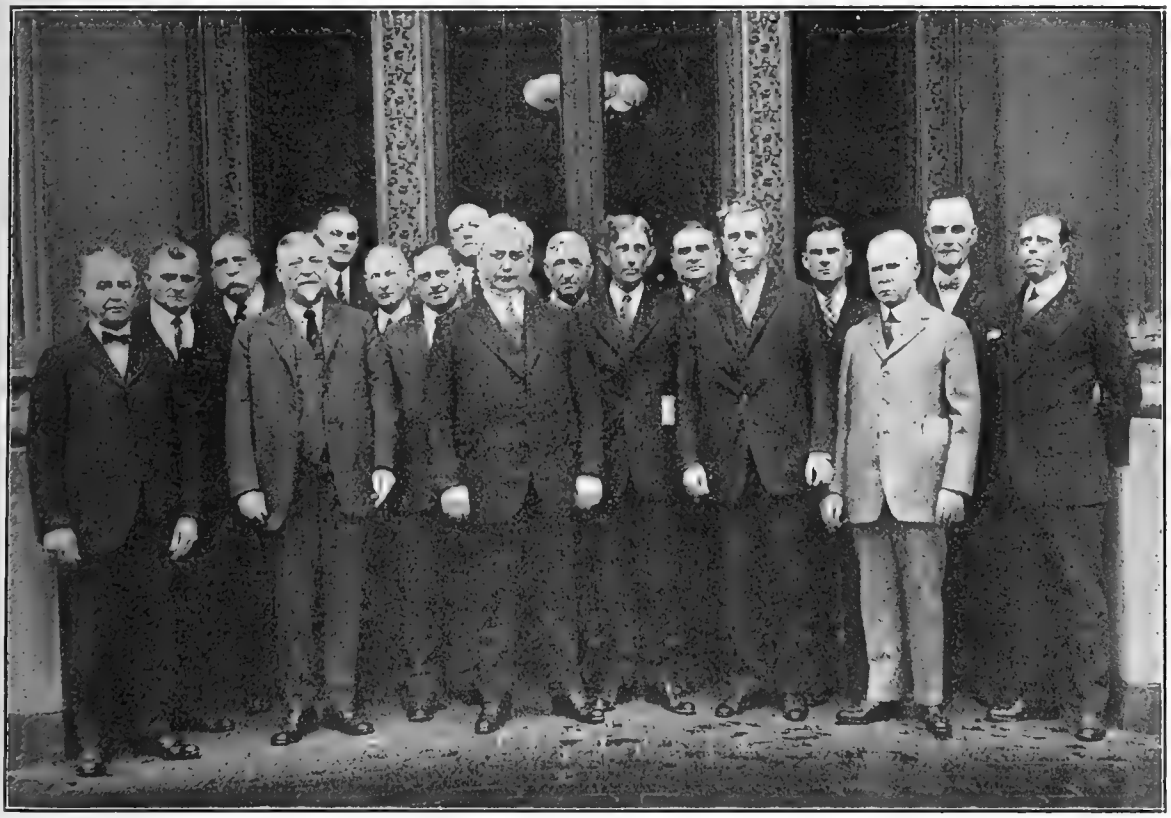

Photo by P. & A.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF INTERNATIOAL POLICE CONFERENCE MEETS IN NEW YORK

From left to right—Michael J. Long, Chief of Police, Newark, N. J.; T. D. McCarty, Chief of Police, Utica, N. Y.; Pierre Belanger, Superintendent of Police, Montreal, Canada; George G. Henry, Chief Inspector of Police, Baltimore, Md.; John J. O'Connell, Aide to Secretary Col. R. Waldo; William J. Quilty, Chief of Police, Springfield, Mass.; Guy R. Molony, Superintendent of Police, New Orleans, La.; William H. O'Neill, Superintendent of Police, Providence, R. I.; Richard E. Enright, President, International Police Conference, Police Commissioner, New York; M. J. Healy, Chief of Police, Manchester, N. H.; R. L. Stringfellow, Commissioner of Public Safety, Shreveport, La.; Michael J. McHugh, Superintendent of Police, Scranton, Pa.; William B. Mills, Superintendent of Police, Philadelphia, Pa.; Col. Charles B. Borland, Director of Public Safety, Norfolk, Va.; William Copelan, Chief of Police, Cincinnati, Ohio; S. J. Dickson, Chief Constable, Toronto, Canada; Col. R. Waldo, Secretary, International Police Conference, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, New York.

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Ireland's Unarmed Police

(*Continued from page* 10)

the property of the owner of the land where the dead body is found. Under such circumstances the hare becomes the property of C."

The laws surrounding the liquor traffic are, to the American with recollections of the time when liquor was prevalent in this country, peculiar. Poteen making and drinking are subject to severe punishment and Justice O'Hanrahan, of the Ballyshannon District Court, has said that not until penal servitude was made the penalty would men making the drink consider it a crime.

Yet, two boys, apparently under sixteen years of age, may drink in a public place and not be penalized if they drink porter only. In that case the onus is on the seller of the drink. If one of the boys drinks whiskey he himself may be punished. It seems that only "spirits" is taboo in the law regarding drinking by boys.

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, Police Commissioner of New York, and President of the International Police Conference, placed at the disposition of General O'Duffy on the occasion of his visit here every facility of the local Department for study and observation. The result was, as acknowledged gratefully by the Irish commander, the introduction in the Free State's Civic Guard of changes based on the fundamental principles of the New York Police Department.

With a force of four thousand men, now under command of Commissioner Eamon Coogan and under Kevin O'Higgins, Minister of Home Affairs, who happens to be a nephew of Timothy Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, there is one policeman in Ireland to every 1,125 inhabitants. The total force is about one-third of the number in the New York department, but a population nearly one hundred per cent native has been found to be more susceptible to control than one where nearly forty per cent are foreign-born and where a large proportion of that foreign element does not speak the language of the country.

Every square foot of twenty-six counties of the Free State is patrolled by the Civic Guard, except the City of Dublin, which has its own police and detective force, with headquarters at Dublin Castle. Clear up to the borders of Ulster this patrol extends and along the entire coast line on three sides of the Emerald Isle.

ONE of the many requirements necessary for an applicant to become a Civic Guard is a conversational and reading command of the Irish language. So widespread are the activities of the Guard that its individual members invade sections of the country where the common speech of the people is still that of Brian Boru. These are, generally, a law abiding people, where they understand the law, but the rule against illicit distilling and especially against the manufacture of the fiery poteen, is not easily conveyed to them. They resent as do the moonshiners of our own Southland, a law that forbids them to make what use they see fit of the crops they raise. Whether they wish to make food or drink of the grain or the potatoes that they grow is a privilege they feel that they have inherited from their ancestors and one which they have been determined to maintain.

Gaelic-speaking Civic Guards have achieved a marked success in stamping out this evil, yet the judges of the courts are moderate and lenient toward first offenders. It is the habitual violator of the law who is punished with severity, especially the town or city dweller, who knows better. Drunkenness in the public streets of cities and towns is punished with fines, just as here, and aggravated cases of riotous conduct in public drinking places may meet with a fine of five pounds sterling. Wherever infractions of the laws are taking place there seems to be one of the four thousand Civic Guards prompt to act.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Lindsay Crawford, Trade Agent in New York of the Irish Free State, details of

"Garda" Poet Writes of New York Police

DIGNIFIED regard for the splendid reputation of the New York police is strikingly portrayed in a poem written by Irish Civic Guard No. 1835, stationed at Elton, County Limerick, who, however, rings true to his faith in and love for his own organization. It was printed in "Iris An Gharda," official organ of the Civic Guard, and follows:

To the Civic Guard

I've seen the New York Police Force
Doing duty on Broadway,
And I've seen those Irish exiles
Marching on St. Patrick's Day.
They're a credit to the country
They have chosen for their home,
But their hearts are still in Ireland
Many miles across the foam.

I am sure they listened proudly,
With keen interest and regard,
When they heard our gallant chieftain
Speak of Ireland's Civic Guard.
They will wish in idle moments
They were far across the brine,
Stationed in an Irish City
Free from Drugs and "Tenderloin."

We've no Chinatown nor Bowery
'Neath the flag of Orange and Green:
"Underworlds" are quite unknown,
Burlesque shows are never seen.
'Tis a country to be proud of,
One that needs no Scotland Yard,
Forty-fives or Automatics,
While we have the Civic Guard.

Though scarcely two years old today,
Their name will shortly shine
In every land from East to West,
From Spain to Argentine.
We thank Commissioner Enright,
And assure him we'll work hard—
Every man will earn a medal
In the Irish Civic Guard.

Elton, Co. Limerick. "1835."

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ıe working methods of the Civic Guard have been ob-
ıined for the Police Magazine. Long conferences here
ith General O'Duffy, who was, at the time of his visit,
ıudying the various plans for changes in the Civic
ıard, familiarized Mr. Crawford with the work in
eland.

Divided into twenty-six county headquarters, the four
ousand men comprising the national force are again
ıd again subdivided, according to the necessities aris-
g through geographical causes or diversified densities
population.

HE force is well uniformed, well fed and well equip-
ped with every essential to its work. It has many
tomobiles, as many horses as are necessary where
otor cars cannot well be driven, and many motorcycles.
barracks everywhere are substantial and thoroughly
nished and equipped and its officers are selected from
own personnel as they deserve promotion.

Politics does not play a part in the activities of the
ic Guard. Every man is the architect of his own
rtune as far as advancement in the Guard is con-
ned and every man feels it an honor to be a member
the body that replaced the constabulary of old.

Under the Commissioner, whose own yearly salary is
00 pounds sterling, are, in the followig grades, a
uty commissioner, at 1,000 pounds a year; an as-
ant commissioner, at 900 pounds; a commandant, at
pounds, and a barrack master, at 656 pounds a year.
here are 4,000 guards, each salaried at three pounds
ten shillings a week, over whom are twenty chief
erintendents, each drawing from 650 to 800 pounds
rling per year; forty-eight superintendents, at from 400 to 600 pounds per year; seventy-three inspectors, at from 310 to 360 pounds per year, and eight hundred and eighty-seven sergeants, at from 5 pounds to 5 pounds and twelve shillings per week. The guards eat in their barracks, being fed at cost.

The total budget for the year 1924 was set at 1,147,000 pounds, and pension deductions from all salaries are at the rate of two-and-one-half per cent per year. This feature results in a pension fund sufficient for the comfortable retirement of any members eligible for such action and appears to be satisfactory to the entire personnel.

THE Civic Guard is enthusiastically interested in the recrudescence of the historic Tailteann Games in Ireland. They are to be re-established in August after a lapse of 118 years.

Founded in B. C. 632, the festival was celebrated yearly, in August, and then uninterruptedly for nearly nineteen hundred years.

After A. D. 1169, however, the celebrations were spasmodic, until 1806, when came a pause, owing to the ever-growing political misfortunes of Ireland.

Ten miles from Tara, on one of the storied uplands, stands the burial mound of the Irish Queen Tailte, famed for her beauty and for her justice to her subjects. Although an ardent admirer of manly physical prowess, she was childless, so, adopting a son of royal lineage, named Lugh, she willed him her kingdom, which, upon her death, he assumed.

It was by command of this king that the festival of Aonach Tailteann was originated in B. C. 632, and from all parts of the kingdom of Eire, which embraced the

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entire island, came yearly the hosts to celebrate the occasion and honor the beloved queen.

There was a brilliant regal opening ceremony on "gathering" day, followed by competitions in horsemanship, swimming, spear throwing, hurling and chariot racing, the evenings being devoted to singing, dancing and other social entertainments. The whole picture, as painted in the ancient manuscripts, is one of healthy, satisfying beauty and happiness, designed to inspire the people and preserve the fine physique of the men and women. Although a hiatus came for a time, the spirit never died out, and this year, with the revival of the Aonach Tailteann, games to rival the most brilliant in history are promised.

The Civic Guard is also the best publicity agency Ireland ever had, for there is not a man on the force who is not constantly inspiring the people to higher aims and attainments.

"There's one thing you must never forget," says a Guard to a native he wishes to impress with the glorious heritage of Irish blood, "never forget that it was an Irishman who taught England how to brew and an Irishman had taught America how to build. It was the Royal Dublin Society that showed the London brewers how to make porter, and it was James Hoban, an Irish architect, settled in the States, who designed the White House from Leinster House, right here in Dublin."

HOW different police conditions in Ireland are from those in America appears at once on perusal of the very excellent magazine of the Guard, "Iris An Garda." One of the odd features that appears at first glance is the list of advertisements under the heading "Exchanges." These are not such exchanges as are known to American newspapers, but offers from various "Gardas" situated in all parts of Ireland to exchange posts with men of their service in other sections.

Also the cases that the Irish police have to deal with vary considerably from those here. Apparently the stealing of sheep and cattle is an important element in criminal activities in Ireland.

The Recorder at Clondalkin in February especially commended Sergeant McGillicuddy of the "Garda" Station there for his work on a peculiar case of sheep stealing that evidently was a deep mystery for a time.

Peter Ging of that town complained that two sheep were missing from his flock, and Sergeant McGillicuddy and Garda Murphy, accompanied by Mr. Ging, went out in a motor car in search of the sheep. They picked up information that led them to drive to Dublin and search the yards of dealers in sheepskins. Out of the great number of skins in these yards they picked two that Ging identified as those of his missing sheep. Sergeant McGillicuddy arrested a William Murphy of Clondalkin and succeeded in having him sentenced to three years penal servitude.

New York's Police have their Field Day and the Irish Civic Guard has its Garda Sports, which will be held this year about the first of July. These sports will consist of hurling, football, tug-of-war, handball, etc. In one week recently guards of the Dublin depot had a boxing tournament, several handball contests, a football match, an exhibition by the traffic men, and an exhibition of club-swinging by bandsmen.

BURNS BROS.
COAL

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The Clash at the Opera House

(*Continued from page* 31)

uncommon for a mounted man in a chase after a runaway to lose his helmet completely. In winter the helmet was dark colored and in summer a pearl gray. The ranking officers wore caps with square horizontal peaks. On the fronts centered in a wreath appeared their rank in letters.

To my mind, all these headpieces were most unseemly and unsoldierlike, and so we started out to take off the helmets and substitute caps. To this end, and especially with a view to obtaining serviceable caps for the Traffic Squad, I collected military caps from all the countries of the old and new worlds.

After trying these caps on various officers and men at Headquarters, we decided on a cap approximating that worn by the armed police in Ireland. The caps were issued first to the mounted men and the bicycle men and need I say that, as with all innovations, there was bitter opposition to shedding the ancient helmet. The present officers caps with the state seal in front were then adopted.

Later on, under Commissioner Waldo, the uniform was made to approximate more closely to that of the soldier, and the white collars and neckties and club belts and blue tassels disappeared, all of which seemed to me to be the proper thing.

One of our early tasks was to pick out a proper badge which the men on the Traffic Squad should wear, and after weeks of pouring over plans we settled on the wheel with the horse's head and we had the design made up by a prominent firm on Broadway. I have lived to see that badge used in nearly all large American cities as that of the Traffic Squad.

The day on which we installed the new system at Brooklyn Bridge came near to being the last for Inspector O'Brien. While he and I were standing together in the middle of the street, the running board of a summer car caught him squarely under the feet and tossed him in the air, in a complete somersault. He landed on his head on the adjacent track. I speak of this because his devotion to duty led him to return the next day and I had to force him to the hospital.

I AM pleased to say in this connection that Commissioner Enright, whom I had promoted to a lieutenancy, and who was a witness to many of these things, has from that day to this been a consistent and true friend to proper regulation of street traffic. Much has been done since he became Commissioner to end public opposition or certainly lack of appreciation for this important work for the people of New York.

There were in my day certain publicists who endeavored to stamp their names on the new traffic regulations through means which need not be discussed. They really had substantially nothing to do with the changes. I had not been Commissioner more than a few weeks when in writing I had to refuse the assistance, as it was called, of one of these gentlemen, for the reason that I did not believe he had any intelligent comprehension of what the regulation of street traffic really meant. I know now that my opinion formed at the time was correct.

Street traffic regulation in New York as it exists today has proved by its success that it was founded on no faddist or fanciful theories. It has vindicated itself through twenty years as one of the best systems so far established in this country. I need only add that the New York idea was gradually adopted in practically every American city.

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Merry Christmas Rogers

(*Continued from page* 14)

these friends of his hurrying to cover through a crowd of several hundred persons that gathered within what seemed a couple of minutes.

"What took you to that corner?" I inquired.

"I was just making a touch for five dollars for train fare to Philadelphia. Tough luck! A few minutes more and I'd have been on my way out of New York."

With some other prisoners we started our man toward Headquarters in a patrol wagon.

Rogers was dejected. He slouched into a corner of the patrol and appeared to doze off to sleep. We watched him closely.

As we passed Sixteenth Street on the east side of Union Square our sleepy prisoner became wide-awake all of a sudden. He made a bold dash for liberty by endeavoring to jump out of the wagon to the street. His boldness seemed to give encouragement to the other prisoners and we had a near-riot on our hands until we brought out our final arguments—six-shooters. We arrived at Headquarters with pistols drawn.

It was only when the iron-barred doors of the prison cell at Headquarters closed on Rogers that I felt at ease. After such a night I looked forward to Christmas on the morrow with thanksgiving.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Rogers, before I go?"

"I'd like a cigarette," said he.

He also told me that he had not eaten since early in the morning. In a few minutes I had him supplied with sandwiches, coffee and cigarettes.

I STARTED to leave and bade him a Merry Christmas. "Listen," said he, "it's many returns of the day for me. I started to spend the Christmas holidays in jail back in 1902 in Philadelphia. Here in little old New York I was sitting in jail in 1905, I had my Christmas turkey and cranberry sauce in the main dining hall in Sing Sing in 1908 and again in 1909. This morning as the Sound boat glided through Hell Gate, I recalled my turkey dinner at the pen on Blackwell's Island in 1910 and shuddered. But I felt relieved at the thought of being on the outside now. Charlestown, Massachusetts, was my address during the Christmas holidays in 1913 and 1914. Here I am again with less than forty-eight hours of freedom from Charlestown prison. It will be a Merry Christmas for a lot of folks, but it will be just jail for me."

Tears dripped down his face. He wiped them away with an immaculately clean handkerchief, walked to the cell door, extended his right hand and said, "Merry Christmas, O'Connell. Good night and good luck to you and yours."

The holiday season has come and gone many times since that little experience. Somehow or other when it has come around I have always given a thought to Rogers and wonder where he might be wandering. I have found him too sometimes. Several times, in fact, poor chap.

In 1916 he attended the Christmas festivities at his holiday residence of 1908, up the river fifty-three minutes north of Grand Central. He must have thoroughly enjoyed them, for he again returned there to participate in them in 1919. On Christmas Eve, 1923, Rogers was in the City of New York.

In jail.

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How London's "Bobbies" Work

(*Continued from page* 56)

London police are recruited somewhat after the fashion that army recruits are obtained here. A very fine class of young men is today attracted to the police and the present London standard is a great advance over the old. Of course, my personal knowledge does not extend back to the old days, but my father, who was a policeman here for thirty-three years, and was of the old school, made several visits to England and has often compared conditions over there with those that formerly existed here. The change in the British Metropolis is somewhat like that which has taken place in New York. A marked result is that the service is made attractive to young men of high school, academy and college education.

I saw many men of fine upstanding character on the London force. Many of them had been commissioned officers of the army in the war. The change has been brought about through better standards of living, better housing conditions, much work for the welfare of the men, and better pay. Exactly the same influences have helped in bringing up the standard of the New York Force.

That the heads of the London force are better paid than the same officials here—in fact, very much better paid when one considers the difference in cost of living, is shown by this table of salaries:

Rank	*Pay*
Commissioner	£3,000 a year
Deputy Commissioner	1,800 "
Assistant Commissioner	1,500 "
Deputy Assistant Commissioner	£1,000 to £1,200 "
Chief Constables	800 to 1,000 "

The Chief Constables also draw $125 a year lodging allowance. Such an allowance is continued down through all the uniformed ranks.

The system of patrol in operation in London differs only slightly from that arranged under the New York three-platoon law, which is state wide in scope, and operates here to the satisfaction of all concerned. In both cities eight hour tours of patrol and reserve duty are arranged so that the men are relieved from all duty for at least a day in every week.

In New York the tours of duty commence at 12 midnight, 8 A. M., and 4 P. M., in London 10 P. M., 6 A. M., and 2 P. M. Opinion is about equally divided with respect to the advantage of either of these arrangements of tours. The record of each Department sustains the belief that each is effective for the conditions that they are designed to meet.

The London method of relieving men who have completed their tour of duty, by the platoon following it on patrol, is a very good one. As is the case here, no street or locality is entirely stripped of policemen while a change in the patrol force is being made.

The bulk of the reserve force of London is comprised of the unmarried men who are housed in department buildings. In addition there are always a few hundred men in the Training School located in Peel House who may be called upon to perform duty in emergencies. In New York all of the patrol force performs one tour of reserve in every 72 hours.

Again—the Bonus and the Bank-Book

NEW YORK is paying a soldier's bonus. All citizens in this state who served in the army or navy during the World War will be entitled to payments up to $150. Yours will be small or large depending on the use you make of it.

If you use it to increase your expenses this year, it will be a pitiful sum in itself and a still more pitiful return for what you offered in the War.

If you use it as a basis for becoming a bank depositor and investor, it may give you the start toward Success and Independence.

Send your bonus claim to us. We will attend to its collection and credit it to a savings account in your name.

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Knickerbocker now has 26 plants in the Metropolitan district—working winter and summer to help to supply New York's big demand. Knickerbocker supplies as many as 20,000,000 pounds on emergency days.

KNICKERBOCKER ICE COMPANY

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Promotions in Boston

PROMOTIONS in the Boston Police Department announced May 11 by Commissioner Wilson filled a number of vacancies that have existed for several months. Lieutenants James P. Smith, John F. Ahearn, Louis E. Lutz and John W. Pyne and Inspector Gustaf Gustafson were promoted to the rank of captain. Sergeant Michael Healy was made a lieutenant, and Sergeant Archibald F. Campbell won the same advancement.

The following patrolmen were appointed to the rank of sergeant: Elkanah W. D. LeBlanc, William E. Connolly, John H. Geary, Michael A. Kelley, Walter D. Thompson, Frank E. Gilman, Cornelius D. Brennan, John T. Clifford, Dennis F. Desmond and Timothy F. Kellard.

Sergeant Desmond has been on the Boston police force since June 9, 1888, when he was made a patrolman after having been on the reserve force for nearly a year. He spent thirty-seven years in one precinct in winning his sergeantcy.

Captain Gustafson has been on duty in the Rogues' Gallery for more than twenty years.

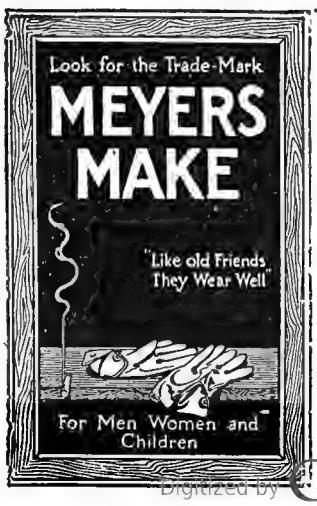
A Book for Policemen

Deputy Chief Inspector Cahalane's book, "The Policeman," is now running its fourth edition as a result of its being ordered as a text book by departments throughout the country.

In the New York Department the book is sold in the Bureau of Equipment at a special price and a great many members of the force have purchased it. Because of its wide scope—it being based on inspections Chief Cahalane made of departments in more than 100 cities in the United States and Canada—the deputy chief's latest volume is not local, but rather international, in character.

In this book Deputy Chief Cahalane holds up before the new policeman, whether he be on the force of a small town or on that of a great city, a high ideal of police duty. This expert author teaches prompt, courteous, and intelligent service to the public and makes his points in such a way that every officer can utilize them to strengthen his position with the people among whom he works. While the book especially serves the needs of commanders engaged in instruction or police training, it also is especially planned to be helpful to ambitious policemen seeking promotion.

Many persons have written screeds telling policemen what not to do; this book tells him just what to do.



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The Pursuit of the Parrot

(*Continued from page* 12)

den in a swamp near Princess Bay, known locally as "Skunk's Misery," with his wife, as queer and hard and mysterious as himself.

Getting as good a description of the place as possible, Lieut. Van Wagner and I determined to pay it a visit. We found it after much difficulty, for the cabin was hidden so skillfully in the swamp as to escape chance discovery. In fact, no one would believe that a place so wild and primitive as this hut in the reeds could exist within hundreds of miles of the greatest city in the world. "Skunk's Misery" was an apt name for it. Only recently I tried to find it again, but I had forgotten the landmarks and it was lost as completely as if the sea had swallowed it.

Only two persons, neither of whom was Fauchon, were there when we arrived, but both of them were worth notice. One was Mrs. Fauchon, a woman of about sixty, gaunt, swarthy, with hard, fierce eyes, straight thin lips, a face that was at one moment sullen and at the next dark with ill-controlled emotion.

The other member of this strange pair was a short, round-faced Frenchman, with something of the dandy about him, in spite of his rough clothes. He lolled in a hammock with a parrot on his finger, and he talked to the bird as if it were a child. During our whole stay he paid little heed to us, pausing now and then to answer a question, but going on with his chatter, which both he and the parrot seemed to be enjoying.

I almost had to rub my eyes to make sure that I had not gone to sleep over Long John Silver and "Treasure Island," and if the bird had only screamed out "Pieces of Eight!" I should have felt sure I was dreaming.

We made some pretext about wanting Fauchon to look after some job, but his wife said he had gone to look for work and she had no idea when he would return. The man in the hammock said his name was LeRoi and that he was visiting the Fauchons while waiting for something to turn up. Convinced that any other attempt at this time would be premature, we departed. That night we set in train a watch on mail that might come to Mrs. Fauchon, concluding that her husband had probably left for Quebec or Louisiana and sooner or later would write from his hiding place.

NEXT day the lieutenant and I returned to "Skunk's Misery." As we approached the cabin we found Mme. Fauchon outside, a grim sentinel, with a double-barreled shotgun in the crook of her arm. She lifted it in a threatening gesture and rasped out in French:

"Stop! You can't pass here!"

After some parley, we succeeded in getting inside. All pretense at concealment was now over on our part. We made a thorough search of the premises, but found nothing. LeRoi was gone. The woman would tell us nothing about him, but from the fact that the parrot was also missing, we concluded that he, too, had made a complete getaway.

FIVE days later, our watch on the mails was rewarded. A letter came for Mme. Fauchon, bearing a Montreal postmark. At once we notified the police of that city, advising them especially to be on the lookout for a Frenchman with a green parrot.

Acting on this clew, Detective Mercier of the Montreal force finally located LeRoi in that city. Afterwards, when he testified at the trial of the miscreants here, his story of how the parrot led him to his quarry afforded much amusement to the court.

LeRoi and Fauchon were both arrested and every stone of the missing jewlery was found in the house where they had been hiding. Lieut. Van Wagner and I brought the prisoners back and lodged them in the Richmond jail.

While the prisoners were awaiting trial, a daring attempt was made to rescue them. A guard at the jail discovered it in the nick of time, just as a ladder was being raised to an upper window. He fired a shot and the rescuers fled. Next day we found blood spots. The usual inquiries were made as to all persons reported to physicians as injured. Among such cases we found that of a woman, who turned out to be Mme. Fauchon. She admitted that she had been at the jail that night, and said she fell and cut her face when trying to run away.

All in all, we rounded up eight persons in connection with this affair, and obtained convictions with sentences ranging from thirteen months in Elmira to ten years in State's prison. Six of the eight were escaped convicts from Devil's Island.

Unfortunately, however, we failed to get the master mind of the gang. This was none other than the man Pleuchot. It was Pleuchot who had tracked the lion tamer and "La Grosse Melie" to Staten Island, Pleuchot who planned the robbery and Pleuchot who, to satisfy his passion for revenge, mutilated the portraits of the woman and his successful rival. Apparently satisfied with that, he separated from the rest of the gang and vanished.

Lieutenant Van Wagner and I were awarded Honorable Mention for our work in the case.

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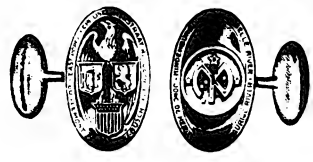

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The Police Associations

The seventeenth year of the existence of the Mounted Police Association was celebrated with a banquet and dance, attended by over 2,000 members and guests at the Hotel Commodore on Saturday night, May 3. Lieutenant George F. Darrow, toastmaster, requested all to stand at attention as the lovely wife of the President, Mrs. John C. Uminger, sang the National Anthem, while American flags fluttered in the darkened room. Chaplain John J. Coogan delivered the invocation.

Commissioner Enright delivered the principal speech, which was broadcast to all parts of the country. He praised the work of "New York's Police Cavalry" and promised to shortly develop the proposed Training School for Mounted Men under U. S. Army Officers' supervision. This brought forth applause and cheers.

Special Deputy Commissioner John A. Harriss, after a brief speech, sang "The Long, Long Trail." James J. Walker, leader of the State Senate, and Edward Margolies also spoke.

The Committee that made this event the big success it proved to be were Lieutenant "Jack" McAuliffe, Chairman; Deputy Inspector John Falconer, Lieutenant Thomas Byrnes, Lieutenant Adam Gumbrecht, Lieutenant William Irving, and Sergeant James McNulty.

* * *

The Honor Legion held its Installation of Officers, Entertainment and Beefsteak Dinner Wednesday night, April 30, at Turn Hall, seven hundred and fifty members and guests being present. Past President John W. Frazer opened the ceremonies and introduced the installing officer, William L. Love, of the Assembly.

Dr. Love then presented the jewels of office to the following new administration: Sergeant Charles C. Steinert, President; First Vice-president, Edwin J. Leahy; Second Vice-president, Leo C. Carey; Treasurer, Captain Charles E. Northrup; Secretary, William F. Allmendinger; Financial Secretary, John McNamara.

The members of the Committee were: William J. Gallagher, Chairman; Cornelius Browne, Charles C. Steinert, William F. Allmendinger, George Cunningham, William Leahy and Dennis Grady. The first time Sergeant Gilbert Meehan appeared for over six months was on this occasion. He came on crutches, as he was badly injured by an automobile last November.

* * *

The Police Glee Club were scheduled to give a minstrel show for the benefit of the Near East Relief in Carnegie Hall, May 28. Lieutenant Patrick G. Fitzgibbon, their leader, who is also Commander of the famous Police Band, on Friday, May 9, was the recipient of a blessing on his family from His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

* * *

At a meeting of the Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond branch of the Holy Name Society, held at Cathedral College Hall, Madison Avenue and 51st street, on Tuesday evening, May 13, several generous donations were made to worthy charities. Donations were made to the National Vaudeville Artists, Tubercular Fund, to the Catholic Charities Drive, and to Camp Madonna, a camp for boys and girls at Glen Cove, conducted by Chaplain John J. Coogan. A large delegation from this branch will attend the Archdiocesan meeting in Poughkeepsie, June 15.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association, held on May 1, Sergeant Walter E. Joyce

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"'Dorothy Vernon' ranks head and shoulders above anything Mary Pickford has ever made. Mary at her best—Mary as a woman is even more acceptable than Mary as a youngster. Although picture was made in America, it looks as if it might have been filmed in England. Miss Pickford is mistress of both drama and comedy."
—*Louella Parsons, American*

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of the Ninety-third Precinct, was again elected President. Other officers elect who will be installed on June 6, at Terrace Garden, are: Vice-president, Michael F. McDermott, Headquarters Division; Treasurer, Edward Dwyer, First Precinct; Financial Secretary, John M. O'Leary, Traffic Sub-division "B"; Recording Secretary, Charles W. Flood, Special Service Division; Marshal, Alvert W. Smith, Fiftieth Precinct; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Pfeiffer, Speial Service Division; Chairman of the Board of Directors, John H. Ruddy, Ninety-fifth Precinct.

* * *

The Police Holy Name Society of Brooklyn and Queens held their Annual Communion Breakfast Sunday, May 3. Over 700 men assembled at 7 o'clock on Eastern Parkway and marched to St. Theresa's Church, Classon Avenue and Dean Street. After Mass, led by the band of St. Vincent's Home, they marched to the 106th Infantry Armory, where breakfast was served. Commissioner Enright addressed the men, commending them for the good work they are doing. Other speakers were the Right Rev. Bishop Malloy of Brooklyn and Father Bracken, Police Chaplain.

* * *

The Police Anchor Club will give a Welcome Home dinner for its president, Inspector Thomas M. Fay, at the Astor on the evening of June 3. It is expected that 1,000 persons will attend the dinner on the evening that Inspector Fay returns from Bermuda.

* * *

The Traffic Benevolent Association held its seventeenth annual banquet at the Waldorf Astoria on May 17. The Knights aof the Yellow Wheel acted as hosts to the visiting Executive Committee of the International Police Conference, and a score of other distinguished guests. Commissioner Enright announced that Dr. Seymour Opperheim had voluntarily offered to establish a clinic at Headquarters for the benefit of the Police Force.

* * *

The Policemen's Widows' Benevolent Society, an organization to further the interests of policemen's widows, will hold an open meeting at Terrace Garden, Thursday, June 19, at 8:30 P. M. All widows of officers (of all ranks) are invited.

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Paragraphs About Police

This Department will be gradually expanded to cover a wide field. All police forces are invited to contribute items of special interest.

A FEATURE of the parade of the National Masonic Clubs, to be held June 14, will be the presence of Director of Public Safety Butler and Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia at the head of a big delegation of Philadelphia police. The Philadelphia police will invade Fifth Avenue 600 strong and will have their own mounted men as escorts. For this purpose they will send 50 horses by special train.

New York will then have its first look at General Butler since he assumed charge of Philadelphia's police force.

The men will wear for the first time the new uniform designed by General Butler. It is of dark gray, not unlike the Marines' fatigue dress, and with it is worn a holstered revolver swung on the outside of the blouse from a Sam Browne belt. The cap worn is in effect the small peaked English military cap. Through the efforts of Sergeant Nowl, of Inspector Coughlin's office, who is President of the National Masonic Clubs of America, the parade will be nation-wide in scope. Detroit, New Orleans, Boston and Richmond, Va., have accepted invitations and will have police representatives in the parade. It is expected that ten or twelve thousand men will march down Fifth Avenue.

The Police Department has again won the highest place in the army drill competition. On the evening of April 23, the training school men outdid the crack platoons entered by the Army and National Guard at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. The contest was judged on the manual of arms, school of the soldier, squad and platoon drill, and physical condition. Major General Bullard in awarding first place to the Police platoon, said that they so far outclassed the other competitors that the contest was one sided.

* * *

A commendation from Commissioner Enright and promotion to the detective squad quickly followed the good police work done by Patrolman David McFarlane of the 31st Precinct. He was on duty late on the night of May 4 at Columbus avenue and Seventy-seventh street when he heard a police whistle. He commandeered a passing taxi and hurried to Seventy-third street, where he saw two men run from a drug store. They had guns in their hands and when they saw McFarlane began shooting. He dodged behind a parked car and returned the fire. One of the men fell and the other ran. McFarlane got him after a chase of two blocks and took him back to the drug store, where he found that the man he had shot was dead. He was identified as Red Conley of 232 Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, a man with a long police record. The prisoner is Sol Orlando, of 363 Third avenue, Brooklyn. On information given by Orlando two other men were picked up. They are accused of having taken the others to the drug store in an auto in which they drove away when the shooting began.

* * *

Patrolman Sebastian Corroo, of the 56th Precinct, saved the life of Herman Wiley, eleven years old, of 730 East 224th street, May 7. The boy was digging in a sand pit when a cave-in buried him. Two rocks, each weighing more than 100 pounds, were poised above him threatening to fall and crush him at any moment. Corroo broke into a contractor's shanty, got a shovel and pick, and dug the boy out before firemen arrived. There was busy work for fifteen minutes before the lad was revived.

* * *

Three narcotic addicts in the prison ward of Kings County Hospital escaped on the night of May 7 and gave the police of the 82nd Precinct, Brooklyn, several busy hours. The men were wearing pajamas and it was expected that they would quickly fall into the hands of the police, but the region is sparsely settled and the fugitives hid in fields and were not found by Sergeant Hanratty and the reserves for five hours.

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On June 17 a police romance that had its start in a time of peril last summer will culminate in the marriage of Acting Detective Sergeant John Murphy of the Narcotic Squad to Miss Gertrude Collins, of 1155 Boston Post Road. While on vacation last year at Classon's Point, Murphy entered a burning bungalow and rescued Miss Collins. He was severely burned while doing so and the visits Miss Collins made to see her rescuer he returned after he left the hospital. His visits became more frequent and two months ago the couple announced their engagement.

* * *

Detectives McGee and Callahan have worked since the first of the year tracing bogus city and police seals which have been used on fraudulent pistol permits and other official documents. They finally traced the bogus papers to a Prince street bootblack stand. The proprietor was arrested and the bogus seals were found in his shop.

* * *

Winning of popularity contests is rapidly becoming a specialty with policemen. Following Oscar Hettler's victory with another, Dr. P. J. Murray, Chief Surgeon, has won a popularity contest run by the Brooklyn Society Circus, held recently at the Riding and Driving Club. Crowding Dr. Murray for first honors was Joseph P. Moran, President of the P. B. A. The prize was a de luxe trip to Bermuda, donated by William M. Calder.

* * *

The Ex-Service Men's Club meets the first Tuesday of each month in the gym.

Manchester, N. H., police send in a sidelight on the sale of pistols. The story does credit to the persistence—if nothing more—of a mail order house in Chicago which last month sold a revolver to one C. B. Couzens in Manchester.

Immediately upon receipt of the pistol Couzens went out and shot a man. He was promptly arrested on a charge of murder and held without bail.

He has not been without diversion in jail since, for he has received a daily letter from the mail order house calling on him to pay for the pistol. The first letters were mild. The second series was pressing, and the third set threatened legal proceedings—something that held great terrors for Couzens.

The man who was so quick to use his pistol has a certain sense of humor and he sent his creditor the following letter:

"I wrote you once before explaining the case. I am held for murder in the first degree without bail and the State authorities have the gun that I got off you and shot a man with. The penalty in New Hampshire is death.

"So if I am found guilty I hope you will let the dead rest."

* * *

Police in Staten Island recently had occasion to remember Ellis Parker Butler's famous story, "Pigs Is Pigs."

About three weeks ago the Stapleton precinct in Staten Island picked up a wandering white mare. The police took her to a livery stable, thinking that the owner would appear the next day and pay the bill. When after two or three days no owner appeared the white mare began to be a white elephant on their hands. The question that puzzled everyone from the lieutenants down to the patrolmen was who was going to pay the board bill?

Diligent search failed to uncover any city fund from which this money could be appropriated. One bright bluecoat advertised the mare in the local papers in the hope of bringing forth an owner, but still no one claimed her. So Captain Gray, expert in settling knotty problems, decided on an auction. After advertising it at a cost of $3.16 he obtained $75 for the mare from a contractor and then had to turn around and give $60 to the livery man. It was lucky for the Police Relief Fund, to which the balance went, that the sale was held so soon.

* * *

The Coney Island station house reopened this week, having been closed since November of last year. The house has been thoroughly remodeled and renovated, and everything is now in readiness for a busy season. Captain Gillen will continue in command of both the Sheepshead Bay and Coney Island precincts.

* * *

Patrolman Harry Kock's training in First Aid methods saved the life of Miss Hetty Iscourtez of 105 West 45th Street. She cut an artery in her wrist while slicing vegetables and Patrolman Kock, called in by neighbors, applied a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood. Dr. Kennedy said the policeman had saved the young woman's life.

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